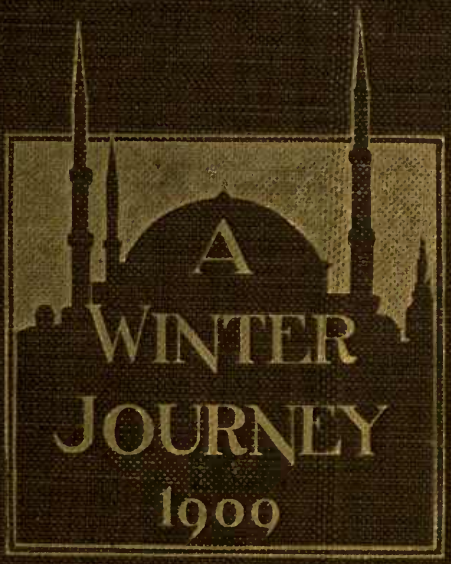

A
WINTER
JOURNEY
1909

AL. M. HENDERSON,
LOS ANGELES,
CALIF.

Al. Henderson

Al Henderson.

AL. M. HENDERSON,
LOS ANGELES,
CALIF.

Al. Henderson.

ALM. HENDERSON,
LOS ANGELES,
CALIF.

Starting for the Desert, Assouan.

Al. Henderson.

A WINTER JOURNEY

To the Western Islands, Madeira, Gibraltar, Italy, Egypt, The Holy Land, Turkey and Greece.

1909

W. S. WAGSTAFF
PRINTER
911 WALNUT ST. PHILA.

APOLOGIA

IT is the purpose of this unpretentious little diary to offer in very sketchy form or outline the experiences of two Americans traveling from the United States to the Holy Land and vicinity and return. The writers have no lessons moral, social or economic to point from the results; they speak of the world with thankfulness as they find it in their daily orbit. The Artificer of the Universe still is in full charge, and He doeth all things well. From the finite point of view, the world may seem to be at sixes and sevens, but may not this inconclusive conjecture result from restricted observation of the entire plan rather than from faults inherent in the plan itself? Experience seems to confirm that "whatever is, is right," and that "whatever happens in life, from the greatest to the least, happens of necessity;" and the postulate that "it is better to fall with many bruises trying to fly, than to creep forever unhurt," finds many ardent believers.

CLARA BIDDLE DAVIS,
SEYMOUR DAVIS.

ALTA M. HENDERSON,
LOS ANGELES,
CALIF.

1824462

Al. Henderson.

A WINTER JOURNEY

January Ninth, 1909.

WE are now two hundred miles on our way towards the Promised Land. We left Philadelphia yesterday, passing the night at the Manhattan Hotel, New York. We were early awake and on our way to the pier, but by no means the first to arrive. There was a wait of some two hours before sailing, and, after bestowing our baggage, and arranging for seats in the dining salon, we comfortably settled down to enjoy the variegated appearance of the crowd of passengers and the friends who had come to see them off. As the hour for sailing approached the "Cedric"—a large and comfortable sea boat of 21,000 tons—became so densely packed with enthusiastic travelers that it was with great difficulty we were able to move about. Kind friends had not forgotten us, as our stateroom decked with exquisite American Beauties testified, not to speak of pabulum for the sweet-tooth, and the ever-gladdening letters and telegrams of *bon voyage* and good wishes. Have you ever made an ocean voyage? Then you know something of the high heart

beats and exhiliration that accompany last good byes as the whistle blows for visitors to go ashore. After much waving of handkerchiefs and puffing of tug boats the good ship "Cedric" finally was headed toward the open sea, and then we had more time to look about us and study the people with whom we were to make the voyage, and, according to the dictates of fancy, decide who of them will be pleasurable to know. The passenger capacity of the "Cedric" is filled to its limit of four hundred First Class; and probably a thousand boxes and baskets of flowers and fruit bear testimony of the loving good wishes of relatives and friends left behind. This profusion of fruit and flowers means several days' display on dining tables and in other parts of the ship of rare and beautiful exotics.

January Tenth.

WE had first choice of sittings in the dining salon, but as popular preference seems to extend to the second table, with its lazier hours, we chose that of the Captain, directly in the center of the salon and the cynosure of general attention. We are a select few, and Clara is the only member of the fair sex in the

group, which includes Mr. Thomas Clark, artist and sculptor of New York city, en route for Genoa to meet his family. Three hardy antiques from far away Flint, Minnesota, together with several other interesting personalities, including the well-known lecturer, Mr. Dwight Elmendorf, who has traveled the Big Pond so often that he can "splice the main brace" and "box the compass" with neatness and dispatch. Fine weather prevailed all day. Sea smooth.

January Eleventh.

THE day was devoted to reading up "Egypt" for profitable instruction. Have become acquainted with some very agreeable and interesting fellow voyagers, including the Stewarts, of Philadelphia, the Dillenbacks, Mrs. Herring, and the Fields of St. Paul, not to forget Mr. and Mrs. Van Winkle, of Newark, New Jersey.

January Twelfth.

ANOTHER perfect day, spent in playing games on deck, varied with reading and in swapping with some of our newly made acquaintances the stories of our lives. Isn't it wonderful how many persons there are with castles, and yachts and automobiles at home?

January Thirteenth.

TO-DAY was very much like yesterday; passed in the warm energizing sun and invigorating sea air. So far the voyage has proved ideal. We wish our dear ones at home could realize for themselves its delights. We are taking the southern passage, and though only four days out find spring clothing comfortable.

January Fourteenth.

TIME between meals to-day was largely devoted to trading favorite stories, pet jokes and puzzles. Here are some new to us: "The animals in the zoological garden decided to attend the theatre, but upon arriving at the box office found only one dollar seats remaining, consequently of the number present only the frog with his green back, the goose with her bill and the lamb with its four quarters were admitted."

"A little boy who with his mother—a lady of plethoric avoidupois—was visiting in Florida, received a present of a small but lively alligator, which he prized above all other possessions, so much so that one night he covertly took it to bed with him. Waking up during the night and missing it, he in turn awoke his mother with the admonition to 'Be careful not to roll over on the alligator, mama'"

"A gentleman returning to Scotland for a second season's shooting, on meeting his former guide, remarked that he was not wearing the cap with ear tabs as formerly, to which Sandy replied that since the accident he had worn no ear coverings. On being asked to describe the accident, Sandy said: Well you see, sir, a gentleman that was here last season told me I might take a drink out of his flask, and I never heard him, so since that accident I keep my ears free."

"One hot summer noonday a farmer returning from the field for dinner observed a loaded hay wagon overturned on the roadway in front of his gate and a lanky boy trying to right it. The farmer suggested that the boy suspend labor and come in to dinner, but he replied, 'Pa might not like it.' He won't mind, said the farmer.

Come in. Still persisting that 'Pa might not like it,' the boy accepted the offered hospitality and did full justice to the meal. After dinner was over the farmer said he was curious to know why 'Pa might not like it,' to which the boy innocently answered, 'Cause pa is under the hay.'"

We expect to see land to-morrow.

January Fifteenth.

UPON coming on deck the eye was greeted with a charming view of the beautiful island of Flores (flowers), one of the Western Islands, which soon, however, was left astern, together with Fayal and Pico.

By ten a. m. we were in the harbor of Ponta Delgada, the principal city of the island of San Miguel, in fact, the principal city of the entire group. Prospects for a pleasant day were discouraging. Considerable mist with rain was in evidence, but on the sun forcing a break for a few minutes, we decided to risk a trip ashore, and going down the stairway over the ship's side, made flying leaps into the bobbing little native rowboats alongside. The oarsmen were good, but

Street Scene Ponta Delgada, San Miguel, Azores.

against so rough a sea they made slow headway towards the quay; we were fortunate, however, in getting a line from a passing tow boat, which expedited our passage to the haven where we would be. The trip was a disappointment, however, in that Jupiter Pluvius decided to give us a good wetting. We took refuge in several shops and also visited the church into which Christopher Columbus after discovering the New World went with the purpose of fulfilling a vow made during a great storm, but the modest governor of the island prevented its consummation. The islands had been settled for only some sixty years when the large capote of dark blue cloth now in such general use became the feature of the women's costume. We thought of buying one for masquerade parties, but, to our surprise, found the cheapest quality to cost $30. The cloth is imported from England, and is quite expensive; we therefore contented ourselves with purchasing a small terra cotta model of the costume and a few pictorial post cards. Our stay on shore was brief; in fact we were glad to return to steam heat and dry garments. The rills of rainwater importantly increased the barber's rills of revenue, for it was to him our clothing went to be

pressed at the modest(?) honorarium of six shillings per garment. With her nose pointing toward Madeira the good ship "Cedric" steamed away from the Azores at 5 p. m., and once more we settled down to ship routine.

January Sixteenth.

WITH the passage of time we are getting better acquainted with our fellow voyagers, and so we hear mysterious rumors about men on board who are said to be card sharps and gamblers. If there are such men on the ship they look wonderfully like the average traveler, which probably accounts for the ease with which the unwary are duped. Sinning of all kinds is said to be pleasant at first, and probably the sin of gambling is no exception to the general rule. Have been reading up Madeira. We are due to land on that island tomorrow.

January Seventeenth.

THE news has just reached us of the disaster to the "Republic"—a ship of this line—and feel prone to congratulate ourselves that we left on the "Cedric" instead of a week later. Madeira Harbor offers a

beautiful vista. We are surrounded by small boats from which native boys dive for coins in the icy water. Although it is Sunday, the "Cedric's" decks have been converted into lace bazaars, where the natives expose for sale their hand-embroidered linens. We again go ashore, this time in tenders, having purchased tickets from agents who came on board for the purpose. The tickets cost two dollars and fifty cents each, and entitle the holder to see the sights, including dinner. We landed at a splendid pier, seemingly a combination of recreation and esplanade for all nations. A short walk to the nearest street introduced us to the bullock cart, or *carro de bois*, as it is known locally; an antiquated model of Spanish cabriolet placed on wooden runners and drawn by two bullocks led by leather thongs threaded through the tips of their horns. It requires two men to navigate this sled-carriage; one to direct the motive power and one to manipulate the grease bag which from time to time is placed under the runners to lessen friction with the pavement of small cobble stones that have been rubbed smooth as glass. In this vehicle we rode through the interesting streets

of Funchal to the cog railway that takes its course 10,000 feet up the mountain at the back of the city. It was here we drank our first glass of Madeira wine. The mountain ascent took us through orange groves and rose gardens with grape vines covering white pergolas, leaving the town and harbor at our feet. At the summit we left the train, whence we were luxuriously carried in swinging hammocks, suspended on poles, by two men to a hotel situate among beautiful tropical gardens and magnificent gorges, where our luncheon consisted of real Portugese cooking, supplemented by more Madeira wine. Returning we descended the mountain in wicker coasters with seats for two, placed on sled-runners and guided by two men. The descent took us through streets lined with white villas enclosed by high stone walls, festooned with the wonderful purple Bougainvillea, looking over which mothers and children smiled at us in our holiday enjoyment and showered us with gardenias and roses. The five mile descent was covered in eight minutes and was novel in the extreme, and most interesting as a specimen of original methods adapted to local conditions. Taking an antiquated tram car we rode on to the Madeira House and

Coasting Without Snow, Funchal, Madeira.

shops to buy embroidery and chairs and a souvenir bottle of Madeira wine. Here, on the street, we met an old friend of Jamaica days, Mr. Randolph Berens, of London, who gave us a pleasurable surprise when he announced that he too would bear us company to Cairo.

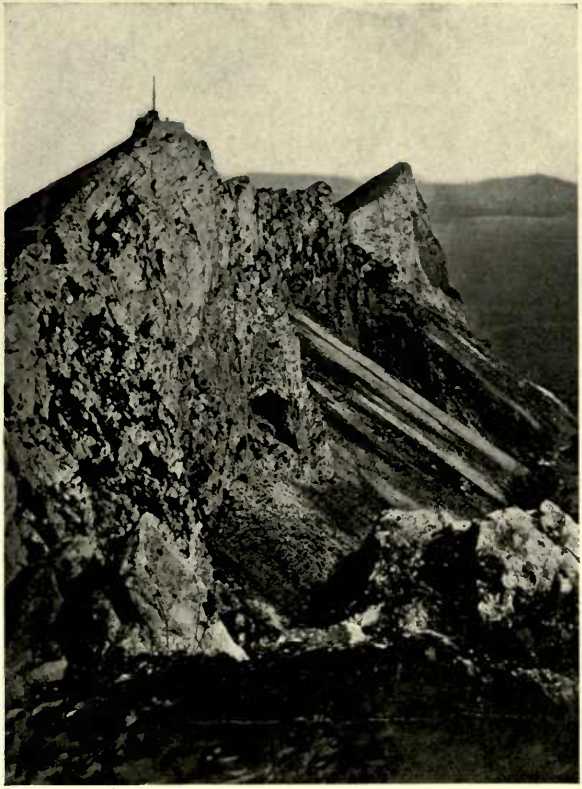
January Eighteenth.

A BEAUTIFUL day indeed; a day of sunshine and calm. The steward served on deck every one with white paper lace boats filled with home-made butterscotch, and it was good! Every day there is a service of bonbons *en surprise.*

January Nineteenth.

PASSING Tangiers early this morning brought to mind others days in other years spent there so pleasurably. By ten a. m. we were viewing the first of the ancient wonders, the African promontory of ancient Abyla and the European Gibraltar, "Pillars of Hercules." The well-known sign of our dollar ($) is explained as representing the Pillars of Hercules united by a scroll. Thackary says of the rock of Gibraltar, "It is the very image of an enormous lion crouched be-

tween the Atlantic and the Mediterranean." At eleven a. m. we were strolling through the Moorish market, and found that our limited knowledge of Moorish as expressed in the brief salutation: "*Gif Koonsy*," was smilingly answered with the "*Levas*" of yore. We sauntered along leisurely spectators of the half Spanish half English street scenes, all unchanged from the visit of seven years previous. Conditions evolutionize rapidly in some portions of the world while in others change is slow indeed, and seems to be like the change of decay. Remembering the hotels of Gibraltar from former unfavorable experience, we were loath to imperil digestion, till Clara solved the problem by suggesting a picnic luncheon *a la Boheme*, where each selected his preferential tidbit and bought it at the delicatessen shop. Oh, such a lark! After assembling our combined purchases we hurried on to the English Gardens, then in fullness of bloom, and selecting a charming viewpoint on the stone resting place overlooking the beautiful blue Mediterranean with its ships riding at anchor, we began to produce our gustatory treasurers. This improvised menu showed sweet butter rolls, fresh and warm; a pat of new butter; a bottle of Spanish



GIBRALTAR'S HIGHEST PEAK.

olives; a dainty packet of cold tongue; slice of fresh Chedder cheese; bottle of Spanish wine; a tempting assortment of French *patisserie*, and lots of tangerines, with stems and green leaves still attached. We ate like growing children, and yet there was enough remaining to furnish a meal to a beggar woman and child who were passing. Oh, the wretched beggars of Europe! Thank God for our own great and free land, where it is possible for every one to be self-supporting. Possessed of a comfortable feeling of satisfaction and peace with all the world, we hired one of those queer vehicles known as the Gibraltar cabriolet, and drove to Europa Point, next crossing neutral ground into Spanish territory. Here we saw the odd feature of a maze of barbed wire fencing, installed to preclude the smuggling of tobacco by trained dogs from Gibraltar into Spain. On our way back to the "Cedric" we stopped at Benoliel's shop for a souvenir of this great rock fortress commanding ingress to the Mediterranean.

January Twentieth.

WE cruised all day in sight of the Spanish Main, between the Balearic Islands and mainland. Without glasses we could plainly see the white fishing villages, with their high background of green hills, dotted along the coast. As yet every day has been ideally warm, with a smooth sea. To-night the decks were festooned with colored electric lights and flags of all nations. Young and old were enlivened with music and dancing, concluding with refreshments.

January Twenty-first.

AS we proceed toward Genoa it grows colder. Many of our passengers, including Colonel and Mrs. Dillenback, Mrs. Herring, Mr. Clark and Mr. Fields, will disembark there. As our wireless Marconi service on board the "Cedric" picked up some communications sent out by the cruising fleet of American battleships returning from the trip around the world, we hoped to witness that unique spectacle, but although nearby we missed them altogether.

Statue of Columbus, Genoa.

January Twenty-second.

THE harbor of Genoa is well named the Knee of Italy. We went ashore at the early hour of nine a. m., and our first act was to change English into Italian money. While one does not spend so much of it in Italy as in some countries, still everywhere money constitutes the *passepartout.* After following Shakspeare's injunction to "put money in thy purse," we strolled through the streets in leisurely *dolce far niente* mood, enjoying the shop windows, Seymour finally deciding to investigate the subject of fur lined overcoats. After concluding the purchase of one we lunched at the café Europa, where we saw the last of our unpopular fellow-passenger, Mr. Sanderson, of Philadelphia; he of Harrisburg Capitol fame, convoyed by his wife, maid and valet. Before returning to our ocean house boat (the "Cedric,") we passed two hours profitably seeing Genoa from an open carriage.

January Twenty-third.

OUR good ship took on many new passengers at Genoa, including Mrs. McIlvaine, of Philadelphia, and her daughter, whom we had the pleasure of meeting in Nineteen Hundred and Seven in Bermuda. The young Baron and Baroness de Rothschild, of Paris, bride and groom, are exciting a great deal of interest on board. What a continuous turning of the wheel of fortune life is! To-day we passed close to memorable Corsica and Elba. Seymour tries to persuade Clara to remain in Italy until autumn, when he will come for her, but Madame seems to be unfavorable to sudden decisions.

January Twenty-fourth.

THE bay of Naples is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." So rich in inspirational power. At the present time Vesuvius is as calm as a sleeping baby, but oh! what potentiality for destruction lurks beneath that quiet exterior! Distant Capri and Sorrento are featured beneath the deep blue of the sea and the azure of the sky with the brilliant white of Naples as a setting. Sunday seems to be religiously observed. Nothing on

sale but picture postals. Nothing to do but to drive aimlessly about the city and lunch at the Gambrinus. There we had our same old table in the same old place. "Nothing changed or older," not even the hunchback "Good Luck Boy," who came to greet us. After the usual Italian luncheon we strolled in the sunshine along the esplanade and sea wall and around by the Aquarium up to the high and narrow streets where the natives live in the terraced walls of the winding roads. The care of the head and hair, however, is performed in a sitting posture on the curbstones.

January Twenty-fifth.

IN another two days we shall be due in the land of the Pharaohs. We are all disappointed that the steamer's course is not through the Straits of Messina (otherwise Scylla and Charybdis), for we should very much like to see the scene of the recent earthquake at Messina and Reggio, but we shall get a view of the southern coast line of Sicily, where the Carthagenian invaders landed centuries ago. Mount Etna will be visible in the distance, as also the island of Malta.

January Twenty-sixth.

SMILING nature is here with another beautiful day. To borrow language from Mark Twain, "we got up, washed and went to bed again."

January Twenty-seventh.

OUR last day on the good ship "Cedric." We have had a most restful voyage, but all the same will welcome the change to life ashore.

January Twenty-eighth.

HERE we are at Alexandria, Egypt. Arrived at eight a. m., after having travelled Five Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-six nautical miles. When we came on deck the island of Pharos was in the rear but still in sight. It was on the island of Pharos, you know, that there stood the second of the Seven Wonders of the world; a lighthouse some six hundred feet in heighth. It was here that our friend Hugh Rimington, July Eleventh and Twelfth, 1882, took part in the bombardment of the city by the English war ships. The usual swarm of native porters and boatmen were on the look out for us, the red fez, white tarbush

POMPEY'S PILLAR, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

and loose-flowing galabiyeh reminding us that we had progressed into the Orient. Steam lighter service put us ashore in three-quarters of an hour, and the Customs Officers were expeditious in their work. Their method of examination rather excited our sense of humor. The inspectors seemed to be guided more particularly by the appearance of the baggage, selecting for examination such trunks as offered some special feature of attraction. Our suspense, however, was brief; all the baggage was finally passed, and we found that we had to wait an hour and a half before departure of the train for Cairo. Taking advantage of the delay, we drove to Pompey's Pillar and to the Catacombs. It was from Alexandria that the obelisks erected in London and New York were obtained. It was here that St. Mark preached, and here also is the burial place of Alexander the Great. The ride to Cairo through the delta of lower Egypt was replete with interest; the irrigated green fields of bercime, camels galore, the buffalo cows and native villages of sun-baked mud huts massed together and surrounded by date palms and mud walls, each in turn offered the traveller its quota of interest. On some of the houses were curiously rep-

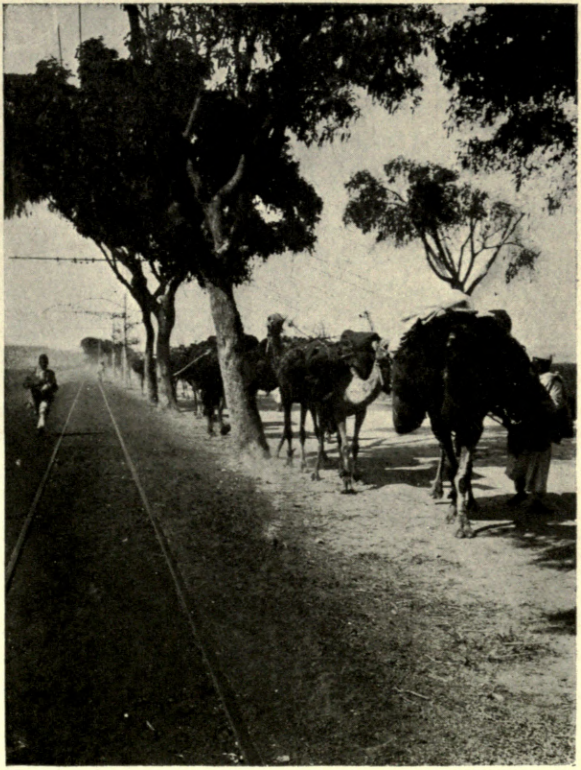
resented what seemed to be crude drawings by the youthful Arab, but on asking for explanation we were told that they were the houses of Mohammedans who had made pilgrimage to Mecca. Such pilgrims were privileged to pictorially present on the house front the salient features of the journey to the sacred city, and these features were portrayed after the pilgrim's own manner and skill, hence the introduction of the pink locomotive, the yellow ship and green camel. The luncheon served in the dining car was a misfit failure, so we fell back on fresh dates, wine and oranges instead. After a ride of three hours we found ourselves within the environments of the City of the Caliphs and the home of the Arabian Nights—Cairo. We had engaged rooms from the agent of Shepheard's Hotel at Alexandria, but arrived in Cairo only to find that no reservation for us had been made and that Shepheard's was overcrowded; they, however, sent us in their carriage to another of their hotels—the Ghizerah Palace—which we found to be beautiful but quite in the suburbs, so we directed the driver to the Hotel Savoy, a hostelry Mr. Berens had been patronizing for twenty-five years, and which we found to be the best

and most select in Cairo. We secured an excellent double room on the second floor; also the Stewarts, of Philadelphia, were able to obtain a beautiful suite at this hotel. Straightway Mr. Berens invited us to see the city from his own private carriage, including Opera Square and the Ezbekiyeh Gardens, the Post Office, Cooks for mail (but were disappointed); then through the Mouski, the oldest street in Cairo, and in due course we were introduced into the native bazaars, the shops of Hatoun's and Cohen's, where we ate "Turkish Delight" while driving bargains; in fact, as some bargains occupy a day or two in consummating, there is ample time and opportunity for eating meanwhile. These native bazaars offer some surprises to the American eye, narrow, crowded—always picturesque—but quite unlike any preconceived occidental notions. Men, women and children of all nationalities, garbed in all sorts of different fashions, pass up and down through devious passageways leading to and from shops of every kind. On returning to the hotel we were chagrined to find that our trunks had not arrived, feeling as we did quite out of place in the dining salon with the men in evening clothes and the women in stunning full dress

gowns. However, there was nothing for it but to compose our feelings and swallow our disappointment.

January Twenty-ninth.

'TIS three weeks to-day since we left home. What change of scene from the quiet purlieus of Philadelphia! We had planned to begin sight seeing in Cairo with the Cairo Museum, but to-day (Friday) is Mohammedan Sunday, and the Museum is closed. Instead we have decided to visit the Pyramids of Gizeh. Hiring one of the many carriages that stand in front of the hotel terrace, we drove across the Kasr-el-Nil Bridge, and there took a tram-car for the village of Gizeh and the Mena House. The carriage road from Cairo to the Pyramids runs through an avenue of grand old lebbek trees. At Gizeh we met the Websters ("C. W. and L. W."), "Cedric" friends from Shelbyville, Ill., their Bedouin guide (one Abdul Mula Gumati) carrying a wicker lunch basket, in appearance very like a bird cage. We combined forces, first stopping at the Mena House, where we had our first good view of the Pyramids—another of the ancient seven wonders of the world. All four of us mounted camels led by mischievous Bedouin camel boys, and



Road to the Pyramids from Cairo.

ambled up the steep white roadway to the Pyramids and the Sphinx. In addition to herself, Clara's camel also carried the descriptive name of Dahabiyeh because he was such a long swaying affair, albeit a "Nile Express." At first view the Sphinx was disappointing. It somehow seemed smaller than our expectation, but on closer acquaintance we were quite willing to admit that it is indeed colossal, especially after unsuccessfully trying to throw stones up to its mouth. We lined up our camels in front of the Sphinx and had a local photographer make the record. Nearby we visited some old tombs of alabaster and red granite. On camel back we encircled the three Pyramids, returning to the Mena House for luncheon; which hotel, by the way, is modern and furnishes an excellent menu. After a little rest we went in a carriage to the Great Pyramid of Cheops, and, with the assistance of a score of Arabs, managed to reach its very tip top—four hundred and fifty-one feet—where we rested, wrote postals home and enjoyed unrivaled views of the Lybian Desert, Cairo in the distance, the Mokattan Hills, the Pyramids of Sakkara at ancient Memphis and the beautiful serpentine Nile. Looking down was indeed dizzy work. We took our

coffee on the summit at the schedule number of piasters per cup; coffee boiled to bitterness yet *de rigeur*. A small Arab water boy followed us with such persistent offerings of green, malarial, Nile water that we finally decided to put him out of misery and out of business by buying his water bottle and contents. The contents went to moisten the soil, while the jug is intended to take its place with other household ornaments. The descent was about as bad as the climb. The Arab attendants unwound their turbans and tied them around our waists the better to hold us from slipping and falling. These attendants varied in age from pre-dynastic times down to the urchin of seven, one and all of them out for the ever-craved backsheesh. Taking camels as soon as possible, we rode to the Mena House for refreshing Apollinaris, and on to the train, which quickly delivered us at Cairo, where we arrived simply "weary of well doing."

At the Pyramids of Gizeh.

January Thirtieth.

TO-DAY finds us extremely stiff and sore from our hard riding and climbing of yesterday—camel motion is anything but suggestive of "rocked in the cradle of the deep"—and this morning we really required assistance in getting up and down. We drove to the Tulun Mosque, the oldest in Cairo, where the visitor has pointed out to him an interior frieze of carved wood said to have been taken from Noah's Ark. Our dragoman took us on to the Citadel, and we were shown where the Mamelukes were massacred; we visited also the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, at which place we put on large Arab slippers over our shoes as a compromise for stocking feet. From the rampart of the Citadel we got a fine view of the city, and beyond the Sphinx and the Pyramids. To our right stood desolated Memphis, earliest city of the world, and in the opposite direction was pointed out the locality where Napoleon and his army a century before had won the battle of the Pyramids over the Mameluke hordes; originally a band of slaves, who were afterward trained to war by the great Sultan Saladin. Next we investigated the "Blue Mosque," and saw the muezzin appear

on the balcony of the minaret and call the faithful to prayer. Our guide being one of the faithful, joined the line of kneeling worshippers, with their faces turned towards Mecca, and who repeatedly touched their foreheads to the ground. Returning to the hotel for luncheon, we afterward drove to the tombs of the Caliphs and Mamelukes. Coming back we passed an Egyptian funeral. At such ceremonies blind mourners chanting the Koran walk in front of the body, while the corpse itself is supported head first on the shoulders of four men, covered with an embroidered cloth, the fez of the deceased effendi all the while nodding approval from the top of a head pole. The mourning women cry: "O thou camel of my house" (camel being symbolical of bread-winner). Our guide explained that where death occurs in the morning the funeral takes place the same day, but when it happens in the evening burial is postponed until the day following. Rich men and pious Sheiks and Ulamas are accorded marked funeral pomp. A buffalo is led at the head of the procession, afterward slaughtered at the tomb and its flesh distributed to the poor for food.

Remains of Ancient Heliopolis.

January Thirty-first.

THIS morning we stopped at our friend's, the purveyor of postal cards, and had him make a bargain for us in Arabic for a carriage to take us to ancient Heliopolis, and after much parley found ourselves covering the five mile drive at a lively pace. Passing through the suburbs with their variant phases of local life, meeting with English regiments of soldiers, camel trains, water carriers and vistas of orange groves as we approached the Khedival residence, interest was never for a moment lagging. We were much surprised at seeing so many persons either partially or totally blind, and were told that the superstitious dread of falling under the baleful influence of the "Evil Eye" was wholly responsible for this condition. For years children of the poor class are not washed because their mothers are imbued with the belief that if bathed and made attractive they would draw upon them the "Evil Eye" and be stricken, but instead of the "Evil Eye" their unclean faces attract hordes of flies and insects, to be followed by contagious ophthalmia, which spreads from person to person and causes much loss of sight. The "Evil Eye" is kept off camels and donkeys by

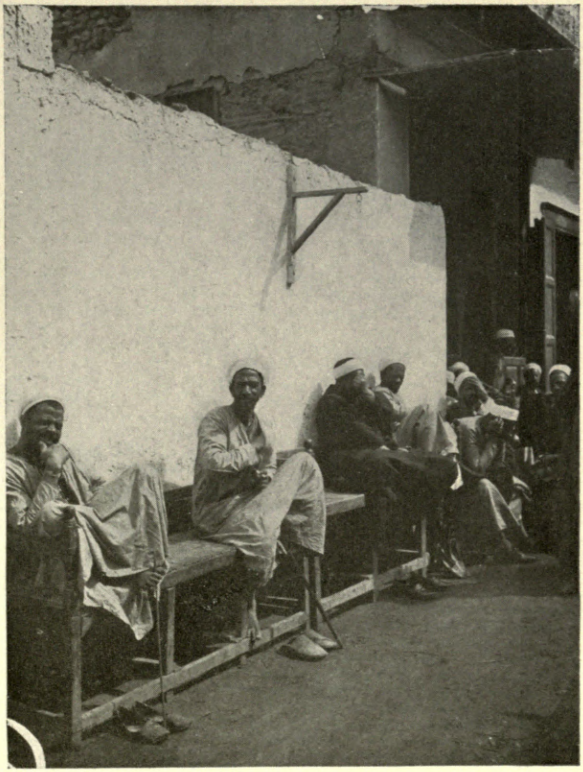
numerous strings of colored shells and beads tied around their necks, and is kept from the houses by nailing stuffed alligators over the doors. Our first stop was at the Virgin Tree, a large sycamore, under the spreading branches of which the Virgin and Child found rest during their flight into Egypt. The present tree was planted in 1672, but the credulous still believe it to be directly descendant from the original. We took a sip of water from a nearby well, where the Holy Family were said to have done their laundering. This is the only well in that locality the water of which is not brackish, and its sweetness is said to date from the patronage of the Holy Family. From thence we drove to the obelisk; all that remains of the ancient city of Heliopolis (City of the Sun). It was here that Herodotus consorted with the priests, and Plato is said to have passed thirteen years in their society studying their doctrines. The temple at Heliopolis was the most richly endowed in all Egypt, and when about the year Sixty B. C., Strabo visited that country, the apartments of Plato were shown by the priests and officiating guides to the wondering visitors. Heliopolis has been the scene of many stirring events, the victory of the Turks over

the Mamelukes occurring there in 1517, while in 1800 General Kleber successfully led the French forces against the Turks. From this place we drove to the ostrich farm, where hundreds of these birds of all ages and condition are raised and kept in a circle or pen. Our Arab guide was particular to fully explain the points and features of these birds and their feathers, so that regarding ostrich tips we feel somewhat tipped ourselves. Returning to Cairo by way of the bazaars we were, as usual, besought on every side to come in and buy—filagree gold, hammered brass, antique embroideries, turquoises, rugs, shawls, amber, Indian and Persian wares, swords, native costumes, cigarettes, ivories, wedding veils, funeral wreaths, perfumery—until we delivered our entire vocabulary of Arabic in the comprehensive phrase: "*Roth min hinna*," coupled with *la! la! la!* which means, "Get away. No, no, no!" The stalls of Oriental bazaars are everywhere similarly constructed, but vary in size and importance. They are box-like in form, four to six feet in width, six to eight feet in height, and are raised one to two feet above the ground, with three sides enclosed and the fourth open to the street by day but closed at night,

the fourth wall sliding into place like a folding door. It is said that the scenes in the Turkish bazaars on a fete day are like pictures from the "Arabian Nights," the bazaars being illuminated by many candles or chandeliers, and covered by awnings formed of rich shawls, scarfs and embroideries brought from the interior. This gives each stall the appearance of a reception room, the proprietor seated within dispensing hospitality, and everyone dressed in holiday attire. The bazaars of Cairo constitute an important feature of the life not only of that city but of life in general throughout the Eastern and Western Orient.

February First.

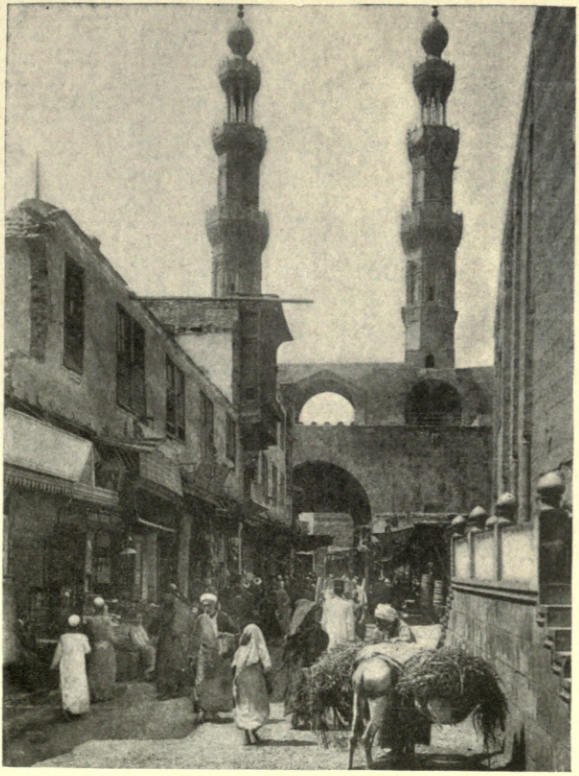
THIS is Ashura Day, the day on which Adam and Eve are said to have met for the first time after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden, and the day on which Noah is said to have left the Ark, the day also upon which Hosein, the grandson of the prophet fell a martyr to his religion at the battle of Kerbela, which event will be appropriately celebrated to-night. Our postal card man not being available this morning, we fell back on the services of the druggist, a few doors



Idlers in Front of Bazaars, Cairo.

below, for help in bargaining in Arabic for a vehicle to take us to the old Copt churches in ancient Cairo, say an hour's drive from the hotel. The Copts are considered fine representatives of the old Egyptians, and they have succeeded in preserving their language and liturgy through twelve centuries of fierce oppression. Indeed we met with much difficulty in getting to these underground churches. In a crypt of the Church of St. George crosses mark the place where Mary and Joseph hid the Christ Child from Herod's searchers. On our way back we passed many lovely mushrabiyeh windows, with their intricate turned lattice work designs in wood. They are very frequently oblong projecting windows in which the water bottles are placed to cool by evaporation. We visited the island of Rhoda, where Moses was discovered in the bulrushes, and here is preserved the ancient nilometer. We stopped at the little Kasr-el-Ainy Mosque to see the howling dervishes, but at that particular time they were not howling. The bazaars of the Mouski concluded the afternoon. Following an invitation from Mr. Berens, we took a carriage soon after dinner to see the Persian festival from the balcony of a native hotel

in the Mouski. During the trip we lost sight of Mr. Berens' carriage, and our excited Arab driver, understanding no English, took us hither and thither through dark and narrow oriental streets, lighted only by the feeble rays of the shop lanterns, streets crowded with Egyptian holiday makers—a weird lot; the men in fezzes and the women closely veiled; all chattering an incomprehensible jargon—until before the dark and dismal entrance to a tall narrow building we were assured by a French speaking effendi that Mr. Berens was within and waiting for us. We climbed the spiral staircase of stone to the third floor, much relieved to find our host and a party from the Savoy expecting our arrival. The party included Count Szapary, of Hungary; Mr. Wild, the Savoy proprietor; the Misses Nungovitch, daughters of a Greek notable; the wife of an English admiral and her friend Mrs. Donnuge, not to omit or overlook the architect of the Winter Palace at Luxor. Together we quite filled the balcony, from which we had a good view of the teeming crowd below together with a sight into the windows of the opposite harems. In order to clear the streets for the coming procession the Turkish soldier-



THE MOUSKI, CAIRO.

police rode their horses into the crowd, cruelly slashing it with the backs of their swords. At ten o'clock the doors of the mosque opened and its fanatical priests came forth; first the torch bearers, men in white robes carrying a pole, on the top of which was an iron cage filled with bits of burning wood, renewed from time to time out of a wagon which accompanied the procession. The horse which drew the wagon was covered with a white cotton robe or blanket splotched with red. Next appeared two boys on horseback, clothed in white robes covered with blood, representing Hasan and Hosein, followed by a mob of yelling men with shaven heads and naked to the waist, who slapped their breasts till the street echoed and re-echoed the sickening sound. Then came two lines of about one hundred priests, robed in white, with shaven heads, walking sideways and facing one another. A reader who walked in the center recounted the murder of the grandchildren of Mohammed, who, when they were found, showed forty gashes, all inflicted by the Pretender. Each fanatic bore a curved sword, with which from time to time he smote his head, causing the blood to flow down over face and white gown, while attendants with towels kept his eyes

free. This particular Persian sect repeat the disgusting ceremony on every Ashura anniversary. After the procession carriages were called, and Mr. Berens' coachman, Ali, a typical Egyptian, drove standing, while shouting "*Riglak ya Khawageh Effendi!*" (take care of your feet, sir), at the top of his voice to clear the way. Upon arrival at the Savoy we were agreeably surprised to find a beautifully decorated table, with covers laid for fourteen, at which Mr. Wild had a delicious table d'hote luncheon served to the party. While discussing the evening's unique entertainment a message was handed us from Mr. and Mrs. Van Winkle asking that

we join them on a trip up the Nile,
but the fact is our time is lim-
ited while theirs seems
most elastic.

February Second.

WE decided to go by train de luxe to Luxor this afternoon, getting our tickets for Assouan at Cooks. We left our trunks with the hotel porter and travel in light marching order, taking only a grip and small trunk that we purchased at Bryan & Davies, Cairo. While Clara was "folding her tents" Seymour improved the shining hour by "quietly stealing away" to the museum, and there purchased a small box of wheat grains that were removed from a mummy-case five thousand years old. One of our great Americans, the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, in his beautiful lecture on "Immortality," touchingly alludes to these anciently deposited wheat grains, so we were the more desirous of securing some. After luncheon we basked in the sunshine on the open terrace in front of the hotel, diverting ourselves watching street fakirs, acrobats in tights, snake charmers with their snakes and scorpions, jugglers with small chicks just hatched, and an old Soudanese Hoochee Coochee dancer playing a tom-tom and wearing a ballet skirt with dried bean pods strung round it like a sort of

fringe. This his shaking body rattled rhythmically. Attached to the top of his skull cap was a string two feet long, ending in a pompon, which he kept whirling in a circle by the motion of his head. Street fakirs eager to perform their special stunts, whenever an audience can be attracted, haunt the terraces of all the hotels. Shepheard's is their headquarters, for here tourists are continually arriving and departing. To leave the protection of the hotel terrace is to run the gauntlet of all sorts and conditions of vendors. Acrobats simply whirl down the avenue in front of you; you are importuned with offers of scarabs of every size and every color, offers of laces, fake mummies and great bunches of roses and violets. The dragoman dogs your heels trying to get possession of your time and a dollar and a half per day. The streets of Cairo are indeed a hodge-podge of all sorts and conditions, and the contrasts presented are alike amusing and bewildering. The European element, the English, Greek, Italian and French, appear everywhere in blend with the oriental. Egyptian women veiled in the *yashmak*, Bedouins from the desert stalking about with lordly airs; Coptic; effendies in fez and funeral coat, and donkey boys scream-

Out for a Ride, Cairo.

ing their wares. The clattering hoofs of a cavalry guard informs us that the Khedive is passing. Running footmen or *sais* with bare brown legs and embroidered jackets, carrying wands of authority, clear the way for a Pasha's or Ambassador's carriage. In the midst of this active throng a camel train laden with rough building stone slung in network sacks moves noiselessly into the foreground contending for place with English dog carts driven by East Indian boys with white turbans and bare legs. Camels never seem to relax their expression of quiet superiority, not even when nibbling at the be-flowered Parisian bonnets on the heads of ladies seated in luxurious victorias in front of them, or engaged in curiously watching a fleeting limousine bearing a harem to shop. The fellaheen on his long cart is seen bringing vegetables to market, accompanied by his four rotund wives dressed and veiled in black with their chattering children. Scribes sit at street corners to write for the illiterate. Incense burning is one of the curious street trades. For the fraction of a penny the burner with his swinging brass brazier will fumigate shop or clothing, but probably the most important street trade is that of water carrier. Of water carriers there are several grades or

classes. The "Sakka" who dispenses unfiltered Nile water from the goat skin pursues a most laborious calling for minimum compensation, and his appearance bespeaks an object for pity. At six p. m., we left Cairo for Upper Egypt. Mr. Berens came to the station to say good-bye, and, as the Websters are on the same train, we shall probably have much of their pleasurable society during the trip up the Nile. We have a luxurious apartment to ourselves, and greatly to our satisfaction the porter is an English speaking Maltese. The train includes an excellent dining car.

February Third.

ARRIVED at Luxor at eight a. m., where we were persuaded to stop off and go on to Assouan later, so, arranging for a "stop over," we took carriage for the Winter Palace Hotel, where we were assigned a large, airy, well furnished double room, including bath and a private balcony overlooking the Nile and the ancient site of Thebes. Quickly despatching our breakfast, we engaged Mohammed (a popular name hereabouts, and one of the several recommended to parents by the prophet himself) for our dragoman, secured government tickets of admission to the Nile temples, and, taking a

TEMPLE OF SETHOS I. THEBES.

dahabiyeh, crossed the river to our waiting donkeys, thence over the desert to Thebes, stopping first at the Temple of Sethos I, where for a few piasters the Arabs offered us the mummified human hands and feet as well as hawks and goats that had been recently excavated. Mohammed explained the hieroglyphics on the walls of the Temple. In due time we found ourselves riding through the Valley of Death towards the Tombs of the Kings. These consisted of tunneled chambers enclosed by highly illuminated walls extending hundreds of feet into the solid rock. Of the thirty-four tombs, we limited our curiosity to entering but two—those of Rameses VI and Amenophis II, the latter still lying in his sarcophagus. After watching Mr. Theodore Davis' excavating men searching for other tombs, we took a three-quarter hour ride around the mountain to the rest house, passing during our ride native houses with their strange, large, mud-built safety cradles shaped not unlike a champagne glass. Into these the children are placed at night to assure their safety from scorpions and rattlesnakes. We had a most excellent luncheon at the rest house, sent in hampers from the hotel, and here we saw a large party of Cook

tourists who were being most uncomfortably hurried about. After a good rest we moved on to the Temple of Deir-el-Bahri, next to the Ramesseum and the Colossi of Memnon, arriving after a time at the hotel quite ready for a hot bath and *siesta*. After our *table d'hote* dinner we strolled by moonlight through the flower garden and on to the small shops, not omitting to inspect the "Egypt," an attractive Nile steamer then moored to the wharf. To work off surplus energy we took a double carriage and visited by moonlight the wonderful Egyptian ruins of Karnak. The majesty of that night, that scene, was supernatural, something never to be forgotten, as the moon's rays spread their golden light over those marvelous columns and over that vast area covered with colossal ruins.

February Fourth.

SEYMOUR'S birthday comes ushered in together with a bad cold. Too "butch boonlight" and night air. After a late breakfast we visited the Temple of Luxor and the private museum of an English gentleman. The Luxor temple contains a curious "birth

chamber," with hieroglyphics depicting a story of similar prophesy to that of the Christian Annunciation and birth Three Thousand B. C.

February Fifth.

THIS morning we bade Mahommed Abdulla good bye, called a carriage, had our baggage placed in front with the driver and proceeded for Karnak again. We felt that we ought to see the temple by daylight, and were rewarded for our second trip by the discovery that previously we had missed the Sacred Lake, the Nilometer, the Scarab Column and the Avenue of the Sphinxes, all very much worth while. Ten a. m. saw us aboard the train for Assouan, ready to be drawn by a Baldwin locomotive. This ride is really very instructive, showing the desert on one side, and on the other side the fertile farms on the banks of the Nile furnish an insight into local agriculture. Arrived at Assouan in the afternoon at half-past four o'clock, and stopped at the Grand Hotel, where we were given a fine large room facing the Nile and overlooking Elephantine Island. We concluded the day chatting with the Arab bazaar people, having discarded our straw hats for Bedouin tarbushes.

February Sixth.

THIS day has furnished a continuation of joyous surprises. We engaged a Copt dragoman, Joseph by name, for six shillings per diem, and took the nine a. m. train for Philae, the center of worship of the Goddess Isis, a half hour's ride from Assouan, where a gaudily painted *tutti-frutti* looking boat manned with Nubian oarsmen rowed us to the submerged Temple of Philae where we spent an hour exploring the ruins of this famous but rapidly crepitating pile. We now are within a few miles of the Tropic of Cancer and as far south as we shall go. The boatman took us on to the Barrage, where we emptied our pockets of backsheesh in favor of the four rowers, the captain and pilot. The construction of the dam is an imposing piece of engineering work of which the people may justly be proud. If it were not for the river Nile Egypt would be barren and uninhabitable for lack of rain. Early in the month of June the Nile begins to rise, and reaches its maximum depth of water—twenty-three feet—during the first week of September. The present dam furnishes the necessary water supply during the months of May, June and July. Construction is under way to

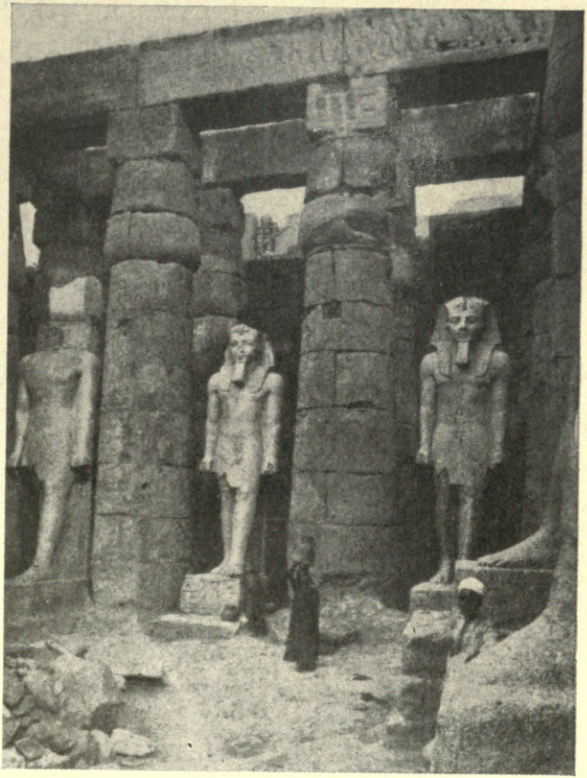
TEMPLE OF PHILAE.

increase the depth of water to twenty-eight feet. Egypt has been happily named the "Gift of the Nile"—for without the river Nile there could be no Egypt as we see Egypt to-day. A second boat with eight rowers was in waiting to take us through the rapids of the First Cataract and thence on to Assouan, passing en route villas, ancient ruins and the private dahabiyeh of the Princess Henry of Battenberg. As they rowed the men beguiled the time with native songs to the accompaniment of a boy with a tom-tom; afterwards we bought the tom-tom as a souvenir curiosity. Our appetite was in fine condition for luncheon at the hotel, following which Joseph brought us three camels, which, with much indisposition and groaning, sank upon their knees and permitted us to mount. These animals are well styled "ships of the desert," for certainly they rolled and pitched much more than did our steady, reliable, "Cedric." Swaying from side to side through the village streets we made for the desert and the granite quarries which supplied the stone for the colossal temples and statues along the Nile. The ancient tool marks of the stone-cutters are visible still, and a partially executed obelisk can be seen lying attached to the mother

rock in the natural state. Our return took us through the Bedouin Cemetery, the camps of the Bishareens, and through the narrow, covered street of the bazaars, where we called out to the shop keepers, "*Marhaba-el-Arab*," and "*Salaam-alak!*"

February Seventh.

BEFORE leaving Assouan this morning we made a farewell inspection of the shops, patted the camels and donkeys we found in the street stalls, although they insisted on nibbling at Clara's large boquet of roses and rose geraniums, the parting gift of Joseph. Going to Luxor there were, beside ourselves, five in the compartment—an Englishman (ever ubiquitous) two "Cedric" passengers, a Russian from Odessa and his little son Vladimir, who spoke pretty English. To beguile the time we played geographical games, in which the elder Russian joined. Arriving at Luxor at five p. m., we had an hour in which to walk about the town before the next train left for Cairo. The Khedive was expected at Luxor next morning to open the new barrage, hence all the stations along the route were decorated with branches of palms and the red Turkish flag with its accompanying white star and



THE GREAT COURT OF RAMESES II, LUXOR.

crescent. Around many poles red and white cloth was twisted, in appearance not unlike some kinds of stick candy or a barber's pole. A pavilion had been erected on the platform at Luxor station and furnished with regal looking chairs. This pavilion was enclosed on three sides and covered with a roof decorated with Turkish hangings in red with blue and white applique figures. The floor was covered with oriental rugs, and crystal chandeliers suspended from the ceiling lent brilliance to the scene. The dinner and breakfast supplied in our dining car left much to be desired.

February Eighth.

CLARA'S birthday. We arrived so early this morning that lethargic Cairo was not yet astir, and at the Savoy Hotel the maids were still cleaning the premises. After getting settled in our apartment we renewed activities by taking a carriage to Shepheard's, and to Cooks' for mail. We surmise that folks at home are under the impression that "globe trotters" when on terra firma have little time to spare for reading, hence the paucity of mail matter. To-day we are going to drive to the favorite resort of Cairo folk, the island of

Gezireh. Here a long avenue of lebbek trees furnishes a fashionable promenade, while games of golf, tennis, cricket and polo, together with the races, are a constant source of attraction. We will remain at the Gezireh Palace Hotel for luncheon. This is the old palace of Ismail Pasha, erected to furnish hospitality to the royal guests invited to the opening of the Suez Canal, and stands in the center of an estate of beautiful, cultivated, gardens. The drive to it is delightful to both eye and sense. There we discussed a fine course luncheon, and there had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. McIlvaine and her daughter, who are guests. Mrs. McIlvaine showed us the royal apartments reserved for the Empress Eugenie. As our watchword seems to be Onward, we visited the museum, taking a last look at the upper rooms and the impressive collection of royal mummies, vases, sarcophagi and jewels there. Contemplation of these mummies (showing their respective cast of features and the natural hair surrounding the base of the head), whose souls are fled these twenty or more centuries, gives food for thought, and inspires strange feelings. Here universal belief is that at the Resurrection body and soul will reunite, and carved in stone, surmounting

five immense sarcophagi, fitting one inside the other like a nest of boxes, we saw the "Ka" or spirit-likeness of the deceased. We found the Arab museum equally interesting, but more particularly in the line of embroideries, mushrabiyeh and other examples of Arabian art. The library adjoins, and contains a valuable and unique collection of hand-illuminated Korans, also oil portraits of all the Khedives. We dined with Mr. Berens in the Savoy cafe to-night, at which function he courteously presented us a book on Egypt. The evening closed with good-byes to the Stewarts, who are leaving to-morrow for the Nile trip. Clara was in one of her industrious moods, and gratified it by packing till two a. m., Seymour meanwhile enjoying the peaceful sleep of either the just or the consciousless. Three of the trunks go to-morrow to Naples to relieve us of large baggage on our trip through Palestine, Turkey and Greece.

February Ninth.

"TIRED nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep"—sealed our eyelids this morning, and we overslept. To make up lost time we breakfasted on the terrace of the Continental Hotel, secured tickets to Jerusalem, took a last look at the shops and wound up with a most unsatisfactory luncheon at Shepheard's. Afterwards we visited El Azhar, the famous Arab university. The foreign students pay no fee and are allowed rations of food. The building is used to a certain extent as a Mosque, but does not preserve the regular Mosque plan, having been remodeled and added to several times. It has six minarets and a spacious court covering three thousand six hundred square yards, with one hundred and forty columns and numerous side chambers, devoted to lectures, libraries and laboratories. The court was filled with individual groups of about thirty students around each professor. They were sitting crossed-legged on the floor, chanting their lessons with a swaying motion of the body. A class of small children studying from cards selected passages from the Koran, was of special interest. Next we visited the Mosque of Sultan Hasan, built in the fourteenth

Arab Students at El Azar.

century, one of the most important mosques of any age, and the most characteristic of the Madrasah style. Seen from without the walls seem higher even than the accredited one hundred and thirteen feet. They are built of cut stone from the Pyramids, and windows relieve the monotony of bare surface. On account of the great span of four arches, the interior gives one the impression of immense size. In the center of the tomb-chamber is the *Turbeh* of its founder. The court-yard, like that of all the mosques we visited, contains an artistic fountain for purposes of ablution. Such fountains usually are surrounded by low, stone, stools, fronting the running water where worshippers wash face and hands before prayers. In the desert the faithful are permitted to use sand for religious ablution. It is said that Sultan Hasan was so delighted with this edifice that he ordered the architect's hands cut off lest he should duplicate this success. When we returned to the hotel Mr. Berens invited us to drive with him, but Seymour preferred to nap, so Clara and Mr. Berens, with faithful Ali in charge of the reins, made a trip to the museum of prehistoric bodies, the maintenance of which Mrs.

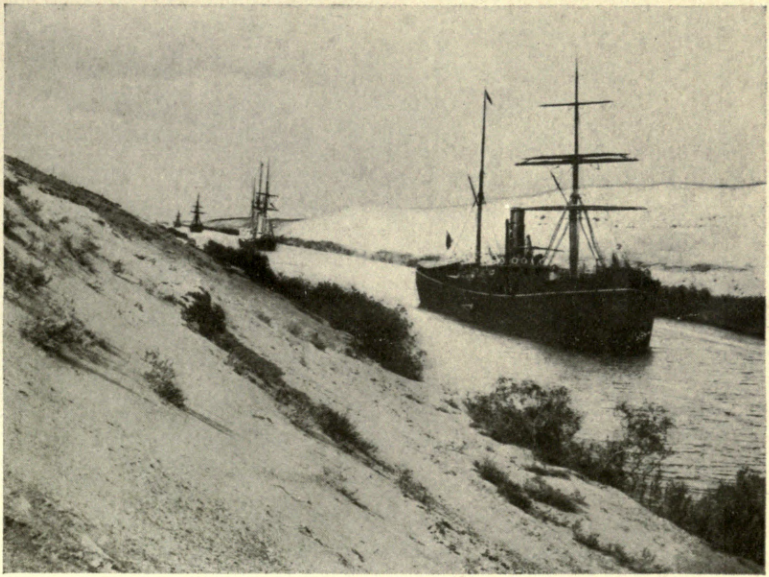
Leland Stanford so handsomely endowed. There Clara was presented with a lock of hair and piece of linen from a mummy dating Eight Thousand B. C.

February Tenth.

THIS morning we stopped at a delicatessen shop, where we had a famously good hamper of luncheon put up, including a lot of French dainties seldom in evidence at home, afterwards driving on to the American Consulate for inspection of passport before proceeding further upon Turkish territory. The assistant consul informed us that owing to a formality omitted when taking out the American passport we would have to acquire a new one under Egyptian auspices. Securing the necessary printed form, we drove to the government office, where, after many explanations, gesticulations and the payment of twelve and one-half piasters, or sixty-two cents, we were handed a formidable looking document, the entire literature of which was Arabic. With much regret we left Cairo for Port Said at Eleven a. m., promising ourselves to some day return for a long sojourn. We were fortunate in getting a commodious and comfortable train compart-

ment all to ourselves. Passing through this beautiful and fertile delta of the Nile and this land of Goshen, we were reminded that it was of this country Pharaoh spoke when he said to Joseph: "And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks and thy herds and all that thou hast." Next we passed through Ismailia and along the west bank of the Suez Canal all the way to Port Said, the desert on our right and Lake Menzaleh on the left, with its great growth of reeds, and hence no end of wild fowl. The building of the canal impoverished Egypt, and was the direct cause of the protectorate of England. It required ten years at forced labor and one hundred million dollars were expended on the work; a large portion of the excavated sand was carried on the bare backs and hands of the fellaheen. It must have been through this tract of country that the Holy Family entered Egypt. Port Said—named after Said Pasha—(spoken of as "the wickedest place in the world") was reached at three p. m., whence, without loss of time, we took carriage to the steamship office of the Russian line and requisitioned a stateroom to Jaffa, reaching the

steamer by rowboat from the quay. The steamer is small and malodorous. Besides ourselves there is but one first cabin passenger—a large, oleaginous, Russian professor, with a distinctive odor. The entire crew is Russian, including "Mourik," the yellow purp, but, wonder of wonders, the captain is Japanese. Not one of the ship's staff speaks English, and were it not for recourse to Clara's French, we would be in a bad way. The captain is very affable and chats with deep interest on subjects American. He agreeably changed us to a cabin nearer midship. As we passed out of the harbor we had a good view of the monument erected by France at the northern entrance to the Suez Canal in honor of its distinguished builder and promoter, Ferdinand de Lesseps, and equally a monument to the inestimable benefits conferred on the world at large by the French nation through the successful completion of this world-necessary project. Dinner consisted of quite an elaborate table d'hote with wine and vodka, the menu being inscribed in Russian. The professor was quite amused at Clara's one Russian phrase, which sounds like "*Ya vas noo bloo.*" At six a. m. to-morrow we shall have reached Jonah's old swmming pool—the harbor of Jaffa.



SUEZ CANAL.

February Eleventh.

GRIEF and sorrow! Jaffa has no harbor! therefore we could not land this morning, and now at midday are still rolling at anchor. The day is indeed beautiful, but high surf prevents the boatmen from coming out to fetch us ashore. The captain fears he may have to take us on to Haifa, in which case we shall miss seeing the land made great by such a law giver as Moses, such a prophet as Elijah, such a "sweet singer of Israel" as David and such a sage as Solomon. To profitably employ the tedious period of waiting we read the one hundred and seventh Psalm, following it with a study of the types of humanity represented on the open steerage deck below—Russians from the Caucasus in gaily trimmed high boots, padded, purple, heavily braided cloth suits and large, silver, pear-shaped buttons. Shirts consist of red calico a la Mother Hubbard. Then to the eye appeared Turks in red fezzes and zouave trousers, smoking the national narghile, turbaned Bedouins with wistful countenances, anxiously peering at the shore with its boatmen running up and down eager for a chance to launch their transports, but the waves and sprays are dashing high over the harbor rocks,

making landing at present quite impossible. Jaffa was an ancient Phoenician colony in the land of the Philistines, and mythical lore relates that it was to these reefs Andromeda was chained to be devoured by a sea monster, in proof of which the chains and the monster's bones were in evidence as recently as the Middle Ages. From the days of King Solomon Jaffa has been the seaport of Jerusalem, and it was to Jaffa on floats that Hiram, King of Tyre, sent the timbers of Lebanon with which to build King Solomon's Temple. In his "Innocence Abroad" Mark Twain makes reference to meeting at this place members of the Adams fiasco, and tells how they were assisted to Alexandria. It seems that we are doomed to remain here another night at anchor. Seymour largely devoted the day to sleeping, Clara, on the other hand, improved the opportunity to sandpaper her French with the Captain, who has promised to hold the steamer at Jaffa until to-morrow noon in the hope meanwhile of favorable weather to land.

JOFFA FROM THE STEAMER.

February Twelfth.

LAST night was one to be remembered. Our steamer at anchor rolled and pitched and pitched and rolled incessantly. With each pitch our baggage would slide along the floor and under our berths, to return, like the tide, when the ship rolled. This condition of affairs was not conducive to sleep and rest, nor were we courageous enough to leave our berths for fear of being violently thrown down, so there was nothing for it but to lie still and listen for the boatmen's voices in the hope of their drawing nearer, which would be a sign of our being taken off at dawn. Just at this juncture the stewardess announced that the doctor had come aboard to make the usual passenger inspection. Soon the porters take our grips and we are off and away in a boat manned by a score of stout oarsmen, the burden of whose song, in tune with the stroke, is "*Halli yallah—yah-hallah.*" On reaching the landing pier we found some four hundred Russian pilgrims waiting to go on board the steamer we had just left. It is the ardent desire of all devout members of the Orthodox Church of Russia, known as the Greek Catholic Church, to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Every year

some twenty thousand of these people cross from Odessa to Jaffa or Haifa, and remain as long as their scanty funds permit. Although these pilgrims are met with during the whole year, Christmas and Easter seasons are most favored by them, and it is at these periods that the great processions are held. The cost of transportation from Odessa to Jaffa and back is something less than Twenty Dollars. This sum does not include food, and is merely for deck passage, each family bringing their own bedding and cooking utensils. The scene on the crowded wharf is one of indescribable confusion. But the hardships the pilgrims endure, the poor and scanty food combined with stress of weather, utterly fail to quell their limitless enthusiasm. It was for this opportunity that they laboriously saved their Kopecks. The four hours before Jerusalem train time we employed in driving about town, stopping first at the Jerusalem Hotel, where we met the proprietor, who enjoys the rather odd name of Hardeggs. This egg is far from hard-y, however, as one could readily see from his age and feeble condition. In addition to running a hotel, he represents the American Consulate. The rooms of this hotel are all labeled with Biblical names and ex-

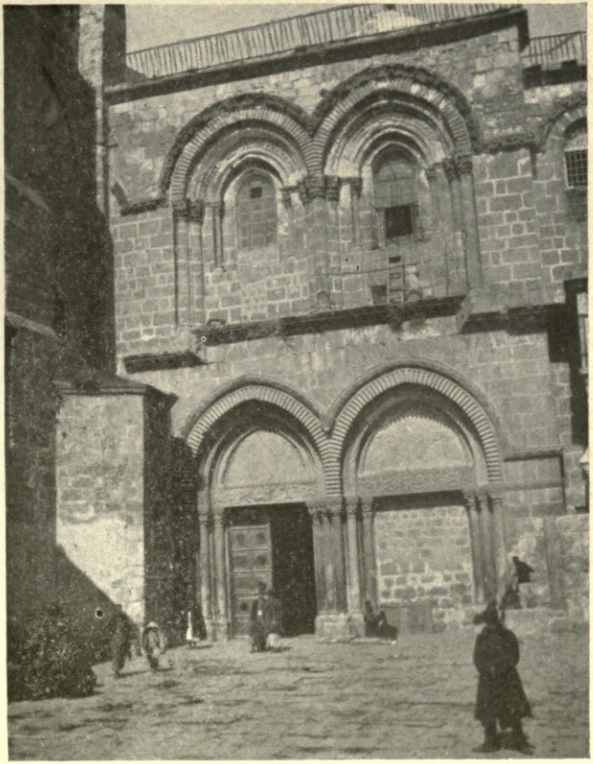
planatory texts. For example, our room was designated "Tabitha," coupled with a quotation in English and German reading: "Now there was at Joppa (Jaffa) a certain disciple named 'Tabitha' (or Dorcas), full of good works and alms-giving, which she did." The other rooms on our hall are named Reuben, Ephraim, Judah, Dan, Benjamin, while the general salon bears the name "Israel." After securing seats to Jerusalem we employed a dragoman to show us over Jaffa. He took us to the house of Simon the Tanner, where we climbed to the roof and stood where the apostle saw the vision. We saw also the rock tomb of that Dorcas who was raised by Peter. Passing by miles of orange groves, we stopped at one of them and in exchange for backsheesh were allowed to cut as many oranges as we could carry away. Along the road and in the suburbs sugar cane was offered for sale. It is cut in sections and eaten as food. The Arab loves it as much as does the Southern negro. During this ride a number of things of curious interest were pointed out; for instance, the tree that bears the kind of husks on which the Prodigal Son fed; in fact some natural object with Scriptural bearing attracted the eye and attention at every turn. The

women of Jaffa cover the entire face with flowered silks. After luncheon at Hardeggs (not necessarily a hard eggs luncheon), we took carriage to the railway station, and on the train found that our fellow passengers comprised a Cairo banker, and his Hotel Faust dragoman, who pointed out the Cave of Sampson and the plains of Sharon. The "hilly country of Judea" is the birthplace of John the Baptist, where Mary visited her elder cousin Elizabeth, which recalls that remarkable picture, "Visitation," by Albertinelli, in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. Here the Host of Israel, the Philistines, Egyptians, Romans, Persians, Arabs, the Crusaders and Saracens have camped and contended, and here the visitor the better comprehends the Psalmist's ascription of "the Strength of the Hills" to Jehovah: "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem so Jehovah is around about his people." The children at the station simply showered upon us bunches of gay wild flowers. Our dragoman, Matthew Gelat, met us at the Jerusalem station; the city of David and Solomon and Hezekiah, Herod, Omar and Saladin. It is well Matthew was there to help in our rescue from the teeming mob of hotel porters. Taking us to our carriage, we rode, as do all

Street Scene, Joffa.

who come from the sea, and as doubtless Godfrey de Bouillon and the Crusaders did, to the Jaffa Gate, beside which stands the citadel and Tower of David. Through the old wall there is a new opening and passageway to the Grand New Hotel, originally made for the German Emperor. Accommodations reserved for us at the hotel were quite satisfactory, and the remaining two hours before dark we devoted to sight seeing. As it was Friday we first stopped to observe the Jews at the Wailing Wall. This curious aggregation of individuals meet at the ancient wall of the temple to celebrate the miseries of life, afterward repairing to their synagogues. We found the Place of Lamentation crowded. Old men and maidens; young men and old women; the Polish Jew, with long straggling curl lock in front of ears, and fur cap, predominating. The women dress in black, and their lamentations truly are unearthly. With their bodies swaying to and fro the old men read or chant from the Hebrew Psalter or Book of Jeremiah, "For the walls that are overthrown;" "For the palace that lies desolate;" "For our majesty that is departed." After each line all chant in response: "We sit in solitude and mourn." These wailings are uttered for

the deliverance of Zion and for the return of joy to Jerusalem. Next we visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, descending by a flight of steps from the street to a paved court, and entering through its only door, the others being walled up the better to protect and defend the building from raids by Arab robbers. On a raised platform level with the eyes, to the left as you enter, sits a turbaned Moslem crossed-legged on a pile of oriental rugs, smoking his "hubble-bubble," with a live coal on the tobacco. He is the guardian of the Holy Shrine. The next object of interest is the Stone of Unction—a large red and yellowish marble slab enclosed within a railing and embellished with suspended massive silver lamps. It was on this stone that the body of Christ was laid before burial in the tomb of Joseph. Next we passed under the dome of the Sepulchre itself. The dome is blue, spangled with golden stars. A canopy near by of reddish marble, old and worn, perforated with large holes, is employed in the Holy-Fire-Miracle, the monopoly of which is enjoyed by the Greeks. With lighted waxen tapers we entered the tomb itself, proceeding by way of the vestibule, Angels' Chapel, and a low doorway into a



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.

compartment not over six feet square. A marble slab covers the tomb proper, and this slab is used as an altar by the different creeds which perform their rites there, each having its respective time for services. Upon this slab pilgrims shower kisses, and lay upon it relics to be blessed and sprinkled with holy water by the respective priests. Visitors are permitted to walk up and down the various stairways and to view the weird altars, illumined by candle light, of the several creeds—Greek, Latin, Armenian, Copt and Jacobite. The Greeks and the Latins possesss respectively the largest room space, the former in particular making display of shrines, pictures and jewels, while the latter are more conspicuous for religious ceremonial and service. We were shown the tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, also the place of the Crucifixion, the Rent Rock, the spot where after the Resurrection Mary saw the Apparition, the Altar of St. Helena, and the place where under her guidance the Cross was found. She was commissioned by her son, Emperor Constantine, that ardent convert to Christianity, to seek out with patient perseverance all the holy sites; and to her untiring labors we owe their identification to this day.

The hypercritical may be disposed to captiously object to the accuracy of these locations, and perhaps with some degree of pardonable claim to superior judgment, but, as for me and mine, we are quite satisfied to accept Bible history, confirmed as it is by the supreme test of time. We left some hundreds of Russian pilgrims in the act of chanting fervently, pilgrims who will remain all night at the foot of the Altar of Calvary. Following now our guide through a maze of narrow streets, over ground once familiarly trod by prophet and saint, we reached our quaint, old-fashioned hostelry, with its wood fires crackling hospitably, and, by the way, roots of olive trees make a very attractive and serviceable fire. Our chambermaid, "Mary," is a tall, gaunt male Armenian, in the seer and yellow leaf, and one of his first daily duties is to appear early in the morning and build a fire in our toy stove. An interesting sight at dinner to-night was some fifty persons from the four corners of the earth assembled at one long table dining table d'hote.

February Thirteenth.

AT ten o'clock this morning our dragoman brought small donkeys to the hotel door for us to ride around outside the walls of Jerusalem. Starting from the Jaffa Gate, we passed by the New Gate, the Damascus Gate, Herod's Gate (Crusaders' Camp), St. Stephen's Gate, through which St. Stephen was stoned out of the city, and the Golden Gate, through which Christ made triumphal entry on Palm Sunday. For centuries this gate has been walled up with great stones, because Moslem chronicles foretold that on some Friday a Christian conqueror would enter Jerusalem through it. The accumulated debris of ages has assisted in completely covering up the steps which formerly led to it. From this point we look down on the Valley of Jehosaphat and upon the tombs of Zacharias and Absalom. In this valley, and on the side of the hill leading up to Olivet, is the Garden of Gethsemane, sorrounded by a high wall and lemon trees. Though not spacious, the garden is well kept and contains flower beds and very old looking olive trees—descendant products, perhaps, of nineteen hundred years agone—whose branches that now put forth their green foliage in due season may in turn

become the tree trunks of the future, recalling to coming generations of humanity the story of that "agony and bloody sweat." The center of the garden contains an open flower house and a fountain erected to the memory of an American girl. The priest-intendant gave us a variety of flower seeds, for which he would accept only a few coins for garden maintenance—"*pour le jardin*," so he said. Near by is the place of the betrayal by Judas Iscariot, the grotto of the agony, and the tomb of the Virgin Mary at which lepers sit all day and beg. As we approached the nearest of these wretched creatures extended a fingerless palm on which we placed money, but having only hollow sockets in place of eyes, she handed the money to her neighbor, who, being sightless also, passed it on to one in whose fleshless face there lingered the remnant of an eye. She lifted the coin to her degenerate optic to examine its value, and depositing it in a recess of her fluttering rags a low wail of thanks passed down the line, and bony arms were stretched out in gratitude. Further on the traveler enters the Valley of Hinnom, passing the Pool of Siloam, the Brook in Kedron, the Jewish burial

Lepers Begging for Backsheesh.

ground, the fountain of the Virgin Mary, Mount Ophal, site of King David's Palace, Mulberry Tree of the Prophet Zacchariah, Job's Well, and Potters' Field; the last purchased with the Thirty Pieces of Silver returned by Judas. Here also it was that Judas hanged himself. Beyond the walls the vista is majestic and magnificent; a panorama of mountains and valleys, of "high hills and low vales." In the afternoon we visited by carriage the Mount of Olives, and Matthieu pointed out Mount Scopus, from which point Titus in the year seventy A. D. bombarded Jerusalem; the Palace of the Persian King Caspar I, the Rock of the Ascension, referred to in Luke 24, and which reads: "And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass that while he blessed them he was parted from them and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy." We visited next the new cloister for nuns, where our Lord taught his disciples to pray. On tile tablets in the interior court of the cloister the Lord's Prayer is presented in thirty-three languages. On our way back

to the hotel we stopped at the Tombs of the Kings—prepared for them but never occcupied—the New Garden Tomb and Calvary at Golgotha, "the place of a skull." Thus was an entire day passed.

February Fourteenth.

WE shall be leaving for Jericho early this forenoon. In a comfortable Victoria, with a good natured old black driver from Hebron on the box, Matthieu, the dragoman, beside him, our fruit and bottles of French Evian water bestowed in saddle bags, and with our escort and protector—a Bedouin uniformed in white—riding on horseback alongside our carriage, we depart across the mountains towards Jericho. The Bedouin is a member of a robber tribe, whose Sheik follows this method of collecting backsheesh from visitors to Jericho. His word is his bond, and once given is absolute. The Turkish Government found itself unequal to the task of his elimination, so he plies his trade unmolested, and returns good service for the reasonable sums exacted. Bethany is the first village met with on the journey, some four miles distant from Jerusalem. The name Bethany means "house of dates," the Arabic equivalent of which is "Lazarus." Here we were shown the tomb of Lazarus, the house of his sisters, Mary and Martha, where he was raised from the dead, and

the home of Simon the Leper. The roads are covered with broken stone, and except on the mountain sides, where shepherds feed their flock, very little vegetation is evident. Some of the shepherds play on pipes of reed quite like the interesting days of Pan. Parallel with us runs the old Roman road, worn down to the native rocks, and still showing the ancient chariot ruts. Over this road Christ must have journeyed, as in those days it was the only pass between Jerusalem and Jericho. The present new road was prepared and built in anticipation of the visit of the German Emperor Wilhelm II. The Brook Cherith, where Elisha was fed by a tribe of Arabs called the Ravens, is situated between two lofty mountain gorges. As we draw near to the Promised Land the outlines of the village of Jericho were visible across the intervening fertile plains. Stopping at the Bellevue Hotel, Jericho, and disposing of our baggage, we took luncheon and rested for three hours before renewing at two p. m. our journey to the Dead Sea and River Jordan. The Dead Sea marks the terminus of our travel eastward. It is beyond the province of tongue or pen to describe the utter desolation in which that salt-bearing country, thirteen hundred

Greek Monastery—Prison,
Where Elisha was Fed by the Arabs.

feet below the level of the tideless Mediterranean and stretching between Jericho and the Dead Sea, is shrouded. The Dead Sea itself is dead indeed, heavy, unruffled and clear. Our curiosty as to its depth was limited to a wading party. Near by is the site of Sodom and Gomorrah. For abandoned, lonely, wretchedness, the stretch along the Dead Sea and the Jordan will equal or excel anything in history. The River Jordan is a narrow, muddy stream, smothered in reeds, brush and pampas grass. A boatman rowed us down to the ford, the legendary place of the baptism of Jesus and John, where we, like all other pilgrims, filled a goodly number of bottles with Jordan water for future ceremonies of baptism. Those confiding souls who wrote "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand" and "I will rest my weary feet by the crystal waters sweet," could never have been on the spot, and were drawing upon their imagination for their facts. Five o'clock in the evening saw us again at our hotel, and, after bathing and leaving a call for seven o'clock dinner, took a refreshing nap of some two hours. At this house the beds and service are good. After dinner Clara superintended Matthieu in the very neces-

sary work of boiling and filtering the Jordan water. This hotel has capacity for fifty guests, but at present we are the only patrons, and find the house a little too roomy. During the evening we had listened to the landlord's candle light tales of grewsome murders in the nearby ravines until it became impossible for Clara to go to sleep. We barred the window with table and chair, and our dragoman relieved the situation by sleeping in front of the door for protection against untoward visitors.

Women Washing Clothes Near Jericho.

February Fifteenth.

WE took our departure from Jericho (which, by the way, exists at the lowest level below that of the sea of any inhabited town in the world), at half-past eight o'clock this morning, stopping first at the excavations by the Germans at old Jericho. From this point the Mount of Temptation is in plain view. A lunch hamper was put up for us at the Jericho hotel, and this we discussed with a fine appetite at the Good Samaritan Inn, situate about mid-way to Jerusalem. After we had lunched wisely and well the dragoman, fortified in the last instance by the black driver, assimilated the fragments. Remarkable to relate, the black man kept unusually sober to-day. On this hot and lonely drive we passed many pilgrims on their way to and from the Sacred River. Those of Russian stock are the most devout. In fact, rather than run the risk of missing a Sacred Pool of water, they dip themselves in many that are only horse ponds. There are several formalities to be observed before one bathes in the Jordan. First of all one must go to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and

Al. Henderson.

make their shrouds. This is done after kissing in deep reverence what is probably the most sacred relic known to their faith—the Stone of Unction. The Russian places shirt linen on it and cuts two lengths the exact size of the stone. These he dips in the river Jordan, and in time they constitute his burial shroud; but firstly the garment does service as a bathing suit. As the pilgrims come into view of the stream excitement grows intense. Crossing themselves with much fervor, the stronger taking the lead, all rush forward, disrobing as they go, and immerse in its waters. There are many aged, halt and blind among them who need assistance at kindly hands, and the general tears of joy over the attainment of their life-goal furnish a pathetic spectacle The river banks contain no bathing sheds and the trees are too sparse to afford protection, but publicity is no deterrent of the wild plunging of the pilgrims into this rather treacherous stream. Jordan mud enjoys viscosity peculiarly its own, and yet its inclination to stick to the skin is ignored by its patrons. To the Western mind the river Jordan is far from being an ideal bathing place. Thousands of years before, Naaman the Syrian balked at committing his body to its turbid waters, pre-

Al. Henderson.

ferring the more limpid streams of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus. We found ourselves in full sympathy with Naaman's preference. When his bath is concluded the pilgrim fills with Jordan water a tin vessel fashioned out of petroleum cans brought from Batoum, and sold by the Jews who hang about the hospice, which vessel of water is blessed by the priest and goes with the pilgrim back to Russia, where it is held in holy and sacred reverence until finally the last drop is used or else goes up to heaven by evaporation. We have been told that at Christmas and Easter seasons Jerusalem offers aspects uniquely impressive, for not only do thousands of Russian pilgrims present themselves for obeisance and worship, but pilgrims from divers other countries also. Undoubtedly Jerusalem is the sacred earth-home of a number of nations. To the Jew it is the city of his hopes and dreams—the pivot-point of religion—to the Romanist and Protestant equally with the Greek Catholic it is sacred in tradition and history; while even the Mohammedan views Christ in the celestial light of a man-god, and in his thoughts gives him precedence over Moses and Abraham. The Holy Land is less a rendezvous for tourists than

a gathering place for the formally devout. One of the most eccentric pilgrims that ever trod its narrow lanes was either a Britisher or an American—it is not definitely known which. Clad only in a white linen shirt, this grotesque character used to climb the steep "Hills that lie around Jerusalem" carrying a wooden cross. His eccentricity was respected, and everywhere he received consideration. The oriental singularly possesses an almost reverence for the mentally deranged, a sort of sympathetic awe not comprehensible by the occidental. In the case cited, the populace instead of avoiding the man or seeking his incarceration, fed him. He declared himself to be the "Shadow of Christ." The cross which he so laboriously carried about with him in life now marks his grave. Returning to our hotel in Jerusalem at half-past three, and Clara deciding to put addresses on some picture postals and take a siesta, Seymour, with Matthieu, drove to the house of Caiaphus at Mount Zion, where Peter denied Christ, thence to the "Cenaculum," a rambling building erected over the house of the Last Supper, which St. Helena discovered and enclosed in a chapel; then to the undoubted tomb of David, and next to the door to which

Russian Pilgrims Bathing in the Jordan.

Peter came and knocked, and which was opened by the little maiden Rhoda, who went running to announce Peter's release from prison.

February Sixteenth.

IN order to see the Mosque of Omar one must first procure a permit from the Consul of his country. Our dragoman attended to this duty, and this morning when starting for Mount Moriah we found ourselves under escort of a Kavass from the Consulate and a Turkish soldier. This Mosque occupies a famous site indeed. By Moslems it is esteemed in sanctity second only to Mecca. It is El Harem the Sacred—in Moslem opinion the second holiest ground in the world, within which border the Jew may never venture lest he set foot within the Holy of Holies. Second Chronicles, third chapter, relates, and Josephus confirms, that here Solomon erected the Temple. This rock, on the summit of Mount Moriah is sacred; a precious place, for the purchase of which David paid fifty shekels of silver. Surmounting the rock stands in physical and historic grandeur its mosque, well named "The Dome of the Rock." It was upon this rock that Abraham prepared

to sacrifice his only son Isaac, and there too the high priest, Melchicedek offered sacrifice; there also Arannah the Jabusite threshed his corn. According to the Talmud this rock covers the mouth of an abyss in which the waters of the flood still roar. Jacob is said to have anointed it, and it was esteemed the center of the world, the spot upon which stood the Ark of the Covenant at the destruction of Jerusalem. Jeremiah is said to have concealed the Ark beneath the rock. With gaze fastened upon the last footprints of Mohammed before his ascension and upon the prints of the hands of the angel who kept back the rock from following him, we slip and slide in our shoe-covering of slippers round the railed enclosure. The cave underneath the rock shows the altars where David, Solomon, Abraham and Elijah prayed, and where Mohammed declared one prayer uttered on this spot to be of greater value in God's sight than a thousand petitions sent up to heaven from any other place. The Mohammedan believes that here will be sounded the "last trump" announcing the Day of Judgment, and on this rock will God's Throne be established. In this mosque the beard of the Prophet is preserved, finding resting place in a silver casket. We coaxed

MOSQUE OF OMAR, SITE OF KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

the custodian into selling us one of the glass mosque hanging lamps. Across the stone-paved square stands the Mosque of Aksa—the site of King Solomon's Palace—formerly an ancient Christian basilica but now interwoven with Mohammedan traditions, such as the Most Distant Shrine to which God transported the prophet Mohammed from Mecca in one night. Embedded in the wall of the outer court is a black stone, and, according to legend, if with eyes closed one is able to walk from a pillar twenty feet distant straight to the stone he will be saved; otherwise perdition. Seymour tried and was successful, but Clara thinks he peeped. Down some distance under the pavement are the stables—a vast area of columns and arches—of King Solomon. At the time of the crusades they were used by the Knight Templars as stables, and holes for the halters cut in the corners of the piers can still be seen. Reaching the plateau again we had pointed out to us a pillar protruding from the opposite wall, below which in the Valley of Jehosaphat lie thousands of Jewish graves. We were informed that it is upon this pillar that Mohammed will sit when he comes to judge the quick and the dead. According to Mohammedan legend the ghosts of

the resurrected will be subjected to the test of walking on a wire cable across the valley to the Mount of Olives, about a mile distant, and only those who successfully accomplish the feat will be deemed worthy to be saved. Beyond the Golden Gate is the throne of Solomon and the palace of Pontius Pilate, where the latter performed the memorable washing of hands. The Via Dolorosa begins just here, and we visited each station of the cross. The Ecce Homo Arch is the third station, and the Sisters of Zion have built a convent, of which the original ancient arch forms the reredos of the altar. Down in the basement we were shown the original Roman pavement and the soldiers' guard room, in the stone of which is carved old Roman games. It was from this spot that the Scala Sacra was taken to Rome. After luncheon our guide took us in a closed carriage to Bethlehem, six miles distant from Jerusalem. Passing over the upper part of Gihon, the bed of the Kedron stretches its sandy way to the Dead Sea, while to the right, shutting out the Mediterranean, are the mountains of Judah. But for olive trees the fields would be desolate and scant of vegetation. Olive trees do not grow in regular rows like our orchard

trees, but are twisted out of alignment from sapling to gnarled old tree. People bound to Hebron and Beersheba and to places further south pass us on camel-back, the long Damascus gun and plethoric pouch—insurance against desert and danger—always in evidence, as also donkeys en route to the city, almost buried under their loads of old olive roots for fuel. The plain of Ephraim spreads across our view. Here David defeated the Philistines and here many associations cluster, among others the Cave of Adullam, described in Samuel as the Well of Bethlehem "which is by the gate," for the water of which David was athirst. Passing the field of Boaz we try to recall that sweet story of the devotion of Ruth and Naomi. The head-dress of Bethlehem women is at once peculiar and picturesque, consisting of a white linen veil trained over a high, stiff pointed cap, across the front of which is strung their dowry of gold and silver coins inviting matrimony. Some of the younger women are really beautiful, and as we look upon them we are more than once reminded of Raphael's "La Perla" and Murillo's Andalusian wife, and we hopefully wonder if some of the kingly blood of David, escaping the murderous

decree of Herod, may not now flow in their veins? We viewed the place of the Nativity and the oldest church in the world, erected in the third century by the mother of Constantine. Some of its columns were taken from the Temple. Here we saw the tomb of St. Jerome, who wrote the Vulgate. Our Saviour's birthplace is indicated by a silver star, around which burn sixteen silver lamps. A recess marks the place of the wooden manger, since removed to Rome. Other historical features, such as the Chapel of St. Jerome and the Chapel of Joseph, at which the angel of the Lord appeared telling him to fly into Egypt, are present. While we heard not the chanting of the angels, yet on leaving this church we seemed filled with a deep sense of conviction that in this City of David had been born the Messiah—our Saviour—and our mind reverted to the declaration of Gamaliel: "If it were of man it would come to naught; but if it were of God it could not be overthrown." The testimony of the ages is conclusive that is was of God! The Milk Grotto, some distance beyond the church, offers a few points of interest. Driving back through the town and out into the high road we passed the field in which the Shep-

WHERE CHRIST WAS BORN, BETHLEHEM.

herds heard the Christmas song of the angels; the tomb of Rachel, and stopped at the Well of the Magi. Among our purchases to-day are two hand-spun linen shrouds, embroidered at neck and hem with Christian crosses. We took them to the Holy Sepulchre and laid them on the tomb of Christ, following which a Greek priest read an impressive service and sprinkled them with Holy Water; a good augury, we hope.

February Seventeenth.

TO-DAY we settled bills, packed our effects and souvenirs, dispensed backsheesh and said our good-byes. Matthieu brought us down to Jaffa, where we are booked by the steamer "Saghalien," of the Messageries Maritimes Line bound from Marseilles for Constantinople. This steamer proves to be satisfactory in every particular, and the French cooking is indeed a delightful change. Besides ourselves the only first-class passengers are a Mr. Boulan, wife and daughter. They are from Biarritz, in France, where Mr. Boulan is the proprietor of a hotel patronized every season by no less a personage than His Majesty King Edward VII. Mr. Boulan is enthusiastic over the good His Majesty's

attitude is doing the world at large, and his hotel in particular. Our ship is anchored at Haifa for an afternoon and a night. We did not go ashore, as we could plainly see Mount Carmel from the harbor. It was there that Elijah offered sacrifice before the priests of Baal. Across the bay lies the town of Acre, the principal landing place in Palestine of the Crusaders. There is a direct railroad from Haifa to Damascus and the Sea of Galilee, but the luxury of the "Saghalien" compared with Oriental steam cars induced us to remain on board.

February Eighteenth.

IF the strong head wind now blowing would but die down we could make an agreeable diversion by going ashore at Haifa or Acre, but the prospect is unpromising. Eight o'clock p. m. Our good ship is now steaming northward along the coast of Syria (ancient Phoenicia) for Beirut, which, by the way, is another open roadstead. During the night we shall pass Tyre and Sidon. These ancient cities have lost their power to inspire awe. Familiarity with so many of their kind, coupled with their structures and narrow, dirty

Moslem Women of Palestine.

streets tends to lessen the impressiveness of preconceived notions, and it sometimes happens that our expectation of greatness at last crepitates into a heap of ruins devoid of any feature of grandeur.

February Nineteenth.

HERE we are at Beirut and encounter our first bit of decidedly squally weather, rain and rough sea. The harbor, or rather roadstead, of Beirut is small, and docking facilities limited, and these are all taken up, besides our steamer is so large as to be obliged to anchor in the offing. Like every port situated at the foot of a mountain, the view, including the busy harbor, is very picturesque. At three o'clock the weather cleared somewhat and we decided to go ashore. On the arrival of our boat at the stone pier we were met by the "unspeakable Turk," and at the gate used for the first time our passport. Taking a carriage we drove about the city visiting the bazaars, in one of which we bought a carved Koran lectern and an ancient Damascus tile. By this time a driving storm had come up, so we sought friendly shelter in the principal hotel, resigning ourselves to its protection over night, *sans* baggage and

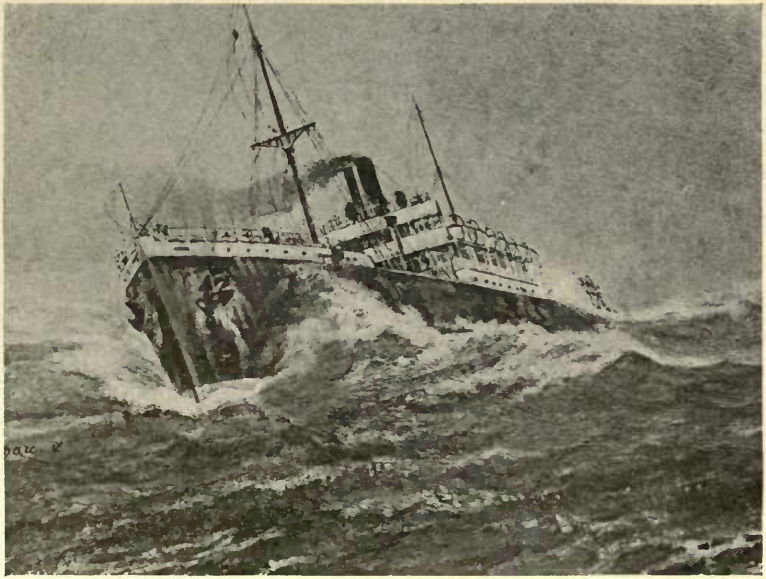
sans toothbrushes. As we sat drying our shoes in our apartment our ears were pleasantly greeted with the familiar "Welcome to our city!" and on opening the door stood face to face with our old friends the Websters, whom we thought were already on the other side of the Mediterranean, and, too, the pleasure of our meeting was heightened by the surprise of having them with us as fellow passengers to Constantinople. The weather is once more promising, and wind and wave having subsided sufficiently to make rowboat navigation safe, we went aboard our French steamer, preferring its accommodations to anything we saw on shore. We were fortunate in reaching the ship before another storm of wind and rain came up, which lasted all night.

February Twentieth.

BEIRUT and a night of horrors. About midnight the storm reached its climax, and as the ship pitched and rolled everything movable or breakable not securely lashed down rolled and crashed with it. This continued throughout the night, and reminded us of Victor Hugo's graphic description of the behavior of a loose cannon on board a ship in a storm. How we regretted

our haste in coming on board, and wished ourselves safely bestowed in a hostelry on shore. Sliding along the dining room floor were ink bottles, flower pots broken into bits, upset baskets of coal parading with wine bottles and magazines. The pantry disclosed a mass of wrecked china. By two a. m. it was impossible to longer cling to our berths, let alone to sleep, so with difficulty we put on our clothes and waited for the worst, but as, after a little, conditions temporarily mended somewhat, Seymour took his tired frame back to berth and fell asleep; Clara and the chief engineer meanwhile keeping vigils and discussing the pros and cons of a watery grave. Strange to say our newly-purchased shrouds quite escaped our memory. At about three a. m. the anchor broke, necessitating the ship's putting out to sea, narrowly escaping wreck on the storm-tossed beach. At daylight we steamed back into harbor, and, while cargo was being loaded, availed ourselves of the opportunity to go ashore and purchase the hand-and-foot-made mushrabiyeh by expert Turkish carvers which we had admired the day before. Our course now lies north toward the island of Cyprus and along the southern coast of Asia Minor. Cyprus is at

present administered by the English, though paying tribute to Turkey. Saint Paul in his travels visited Cyprus, and Richard Coeur de Lion on his way to Palestine conquered it. We are spending an ideal week on board the "Saghalien;" the Captain, Doctor and Purser are our good friends, and every day is passed in agreeable occupation: games, jokes, stories and munching *maron glaces*. The menu entirely suits us—quite like the best to be had in Paris; stuffed fresh dates, deep red blood oranges, *pate-de-fois-gras*, *patisseries*, a delicious selection of *hors d'oeuvres*, the best of French wines and liquers ad libitum, while grouse, venison, snipe and plover are served with *compotes* and salads, not to omit cheeses from every portion of productive Europe. Live birds and sheep are kept in cages on the forward deck to be used as wanted. This steamer carries first, second, third and fourth class passengers; the last sequestered in the prow of the boat with the menagerie, and its distinctive Oriental malodors, where they have literally and Scripturally taken up their beds and curtained off the harem. Frequently the men take first class accommodations for themselves while relegating their wives to fourth class pens.



S. S. "Saghalien," off Beirut.

February Twenty-first.

THE sea continues boisterous and twenty first class passengers that came aboard at Beirut are suffering with *mal-de-mer*. To-day we shall pass through The Sporades or Turkish division of the Grecian Archipelago, which includes the island of Rhodes, famous for its climate, its early civilization and for one of the seven wonders of the world—The Colossus of Rhodes—which stood at the harbor entrance to the city of Rhodes, and not, as popularly supposed, astride the harbor. Its composition was entirely bronze and its height one hundred and five feet. We shall pass also the island of Kos, noted for its grapes and lettuce, and in particular as being the birthplace of Apelles, the greatest of the Greek painters, and of Hippocrates, the father of medical science; and the island of Patmos, emphasized in history as the place of apostle Paul's captivity. These islands appear in rotation, one after the other. To-morrow we shall land at Samos, an island lying off the coast near Ephesus, where the Temple of Diana—another of the seven wonders—stood.

February Twenty-second.

WASHINGTON'S Birthday. The harbor of Vahty in the island of Samos is a snug pocket within green hills towered by snow-clad mountain peaks in the background. We explored this clean, white, little Greek village, and for the first time saw real Greek costumes. The present administration of the island enjoys limited autonomy, which was being abused until a year ago, when the Sultan sent a gunboat to drastically bring the administration to a realizing sense of its position. The physical result of the bombardment still is quite evident. The monks of Samos manufacture a famously good brand of liqueur called "La Samienne," and the women of the village roll extremely good cigarettes, specimens of both of which we have secured to bring home to our friends who do not absteme. The next island of interest is that of Chios, which, like the rest, is beautifully garbed in valleys of rich verdure and peaks capped with snow.

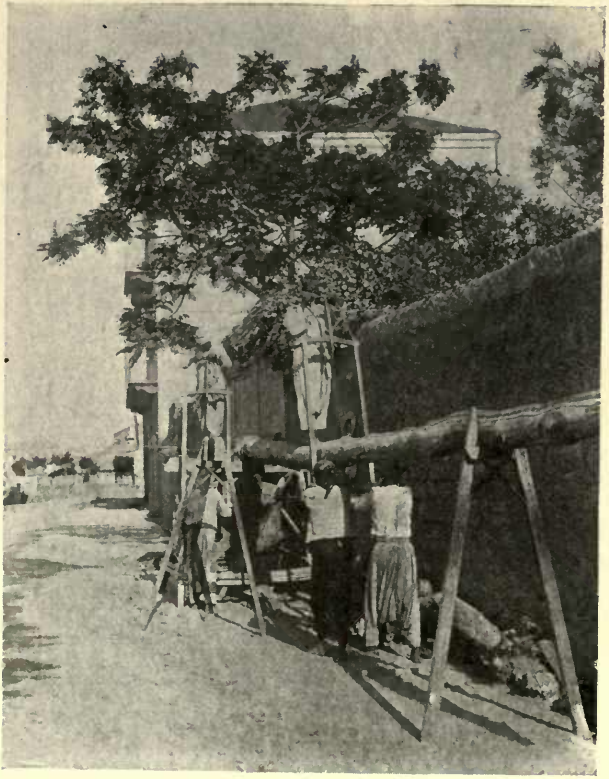
February Twenty-third.

TO reach the port of Smyrna (Turkey), which city at one time held the interests of the rich Croesus, it was necessary to pass numerous small islands with dangerous sharp rocks projecting out of the sea, and not until we were safely within the confines of the bay did we begin to appreciate the beauties of Smyrna, showing Mount Olympus six thousand feet high, castle-crowned Mount Pagus looking down on the busy, modern city of Smyrna, the birthplace of Homer and of the Seven Churches of Asia, favored beyond the other churches of the Apocalypse. Passports were demanded at the landing stage, and those who had forgotten this important document showed Letters of Credit instead, which to these foreign officials looked quite as impressive and were duly stamped with official approval. We had planned to spend a portion of the day at Ephesus, but as we did not land in time to catch the train, missed the opportunity to see the ruins of still another of the world's wonders, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was consumed in flames on the night that Alexander the Great was born. We made the round of all the shops, buying bon-bons and rubber

shoes and visiting the Oriental Carpet Store owned by Mr. Hermann de Andria. It was in the muddy streets of Smyrna that we first got a sight of the scavenger dogs of the Orient.

February Twenty-fourth.

THIS morning we passed the former Greek Isle of Aivali, which is sheer five hundred feet of rock, from off which the Greek fathers, brothers and husbands drove their women into the sea rather than that they should fall into the hands of the Turks. Next we had a good view of the ancient city of Troy at the mouth of the Hellespont. Shortly afterward we were in the Dardanelles, where all ships must stop to show their customs papers. At the point where Xerxes built his bridge of boats and had the water flogged because the sea destroyed his first attempt at bridge building, the Straits of Dardanelles begins to narrow. Since Xerxes crossed on his bridge of boats Leander swam the Hellespont to see his beloved Hero, and early in the last century Lord Byron commemorated the feat by imitation. All day we steamed through the Sea of Marmora, its shores with their background of snow-covered heights



A Levantine Saw-mill, Beirut.

being plainly visible. We spent a comfortable day under cover, close to the hospitality of two porcelain stoves, and were favored with considerable good music by a traveler representing the Victor phonograph, and by young Georges Murat, of Smyrna, who played the violin. We diverted ourselves from time to time by stealing approving glances at the beautiful Circassian wife of a Turkish Effendi. She was heavily veiled, and attended by a retinue of watchful servants, and only lifted her veil in public when reading or when conversing with ladies. The Turk is a great admirer of avoidupois. Turkish women of the higher class take virtually no exercise, and eat such quantities of sweets that they may be said to be fattened like Strassburg geese for the market. How may the uncertain amateur pen attempt when famous authors have written volumes on the surpassing beauties of Constantinople? This city is built on two Continents, and constitutes the dividing line between Orient and Occident. Its lofty domes and graceful minarets, with its towers and palaces aggregate a city of bewilderment; but all other views pale into insignificance beside those of the Golden Horn, the point of the triangle that includes Stamboul's famous

old Seraglio Point with Scutari opposite, which latter hides from the eye till the last moment the sites of Galata and Pera. We stood with gaze fixed on those heights crowned and crowded with the memories of four centuries of glory, of poetry, of pleasure, of love, conspiracy and blood. Disembarking where the Bosphorus flows into the Sea of Marmora on one side and the Golden Horn flows into the same sea on the other, we landed at the Sublime Porte, a locality representing the controlling power by which the administration is known, but as all names of places in Turkey have an inner meaning, so Sublime Porte means exalted seat of justice. The Bible tells us, justice was administered "at the gate" or "porte." It was Oriental custom. So this gate is known as the gate of justice, *par Excellence!* In the dusk of six o'clock we found this city of one and a half million persons illuminated only by light from doorway and shop, revealing hordes of hungry yellow wolf dogs in expectant attitude for food, or asleep. A strange dog, one out of his own bailiwick draws round him, day or night, a howling aggregation of other dogs, all scavengers and fatalists, like the human or inhuman Turk; they hardly move when carriages roll by, and

then, usually, when in danger of being run over. The coachmen, though reckless drivers, do their best to "let sleeping dogs lie." We were told that some years ago, during a very severe winter, the wolves of the Balkans became so starved that they approached close to the city, whereupon the city dogs forgetting local jealousies, banded together and sallied fouth in hundreds to fight the wolves. They killed so many that the rest fled back in terror to native fastnesses, after which the dogs returned, each pack going off to its own quarter. The Pera Palace Hotel is quite the peer of the best in Europe. Our large bedroom, divided from a private salon by pretty curtains, is richly furnished in scarlet, while the bed linen is of the finest quality. Three large windows furnish a good view of the city, the Golden Horn, the Sweet Waters of Europe and the Bosphorus. Every table and chair in the dining room had been pre-empted in advance, and by nine o'clock dinner parties were at their zenith of pleasurable activity. A well-known Pasha, prominent in politics, was dining twenty officers of the Sultan's army. Clara especially enjoyed the charming costumes of the ladies.

February Twenty-fifth.

THIS day was profitably spent. In the morning we engaged a Greek dragoman—Theodore by name—and, selecting a comfortable Victoria, drove to Stamboul, crossing the splendid new Galata bridge and stopping at the museum, where there are several rooms filled with Phoenician and Grecian art treasures, the carved white marble Sidon sarcophagus of Alexander the Great alone being worth the journey to Constantinople. Planted in front of the museum, and seemingly growing there, is a tall date palm tree sculptured in white marble. An old and peculiar Levantine custom is the carrying of "Pastimes" beads on a silken cord, the speaker as he talks dropping bead by bead along the cord. This seems to aid conversation, just as elsewhere the fingering of watch chain or eye glasses appears to act as a speech stimulus. We induced the custodian of the museum to part with his personal beads and are bringing them home as a souvenir. Our next visit took us to the mosque of St. Sophia, declared by Fergusson to be the most beautiful, and of the most perfect architecture, of any church as yet erected by Christian peoples. The exterior is painted yellow, as are all ancient basilicas, once Christian but now converted into mosques. In the vicinity are schools, baths, *turbehs* and soup kitchens

St. Sophia Mosque, Constantinople

for the poor, usual in mosque neighborhoods. Each gallery of this marvelous mosque St. Sophia, with its great dome held in high suspension, is capable of accommodating the populace of a suburb of Constantinople entire. Its green marble columns were presented to Justinian, the founder of the church, by the Magistrates of Ephesus, and were taken from the Temple of Diana. Other columns were acquired from temples at Baalbek, Thebes, Athens, Rome and Alexandria. The holy carpet of Mohammed II hangs against the wall, and the bloody imprint of his hand, when as conqueror he entered it, is shown in the doorway; the mark of a hand and five fingers constituting the original *tughra*, or Sultan's cypher. Again we were successful in gaining by purchase one of the mosque swinging lamps. These particular lamps are surmounted by ivory ostrich eggs, the original idea being to thus prevent rats from drinking the lamp oil, for on reaching the slippery ivory surface of the eggs the rats fall to the floor. Next we visited the Ahmed mosque, adjoining the ancient Hippodrome, from which the lions of St. Mark at Venice were taken; the only mosque with six minarets. Of the ancient monuments

Al. Henderson.

of the Hippodrome only three remain—the Obelisk, originally obtained at Heliopolis; the Serpent Column, once supporting a golden tripod for the Oracle of Apollo at Delphi, and the Built Column, formerly covered with brass plates, and of which history relates little. Near by is the Janissaries Museum of Ancient Turkish Costumes arranged on plaster figures historically grouped. Such turbans and garments, such an arsenal of yataghans and pistols, and such bundles of sashes and other tawdry garments were never, not even in French opera buffe, gotten together to burlesque human power and human weakness. Further on stands the Burnt Column, a tall, porphyry shaft, which, by reason of the many conflagrations through which it has passed, is now held together by numerous hoops of steel. Chronicles relate that this column was erected by Constantine to signify the substitution of Constantinople for Rome as the capitol of empire. Inside the column foundations were placed a piece of the cross, one of the nails used in the crucifixion, a piece of the bread preserved from the feeding of the five thousand and the palladium of Rome. We drove about the grounds of the old Seraglio, the buildings of which formerly constituted palaces

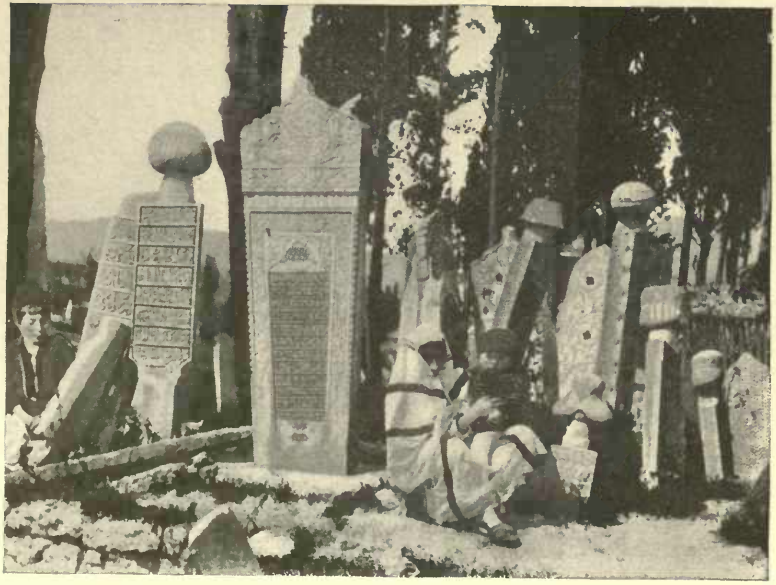
SITE OF THE ANCIENT HIPPODROME, CONSTANTINOPLE.

of the Sultan, but now are used as barracks. It is said that when making excavations in this neighborhood a huge funnel sloping into the Marmora was uncovered, down which it had been customary to cast, sewn up in sacks, the hapless wives and slaves who had incurred Sultanic wrath. The last Sultan that slept in the old Seraglio was Abdul Aziz. The column of Theodosius, the court of the Janissaries (originally comprising Christian boys who were kidnapped by the Sultan's emissaries, brought up in Islamism and prohibited from marrying, and who, after an attempt at mutiny, were ruthlessly massacred by order of the present Sultan's grandfather), and the plane tree around which they rallied, were pointed out in turn, and concluded our morning's sight seeing. After luncheon at the hotel we drove to the floating bridge that connects Galata with Stamboul. Here is seen the human skin in its several colors and shadings, from the milk white of the Albanian to the ebon black of central Africa. No two persons are garmented alike—shawls twisted around the head, savage filets of burnished metals, coronets of rags, striped skirts and vests like harlequins, girdles stuck full of knives that reach up

under the shoulder, mameluke trousers, togas, trailing sheets, coats trimmed with strips of ermine, garb of monk, vestments of gold lace, men dressed like women and vice versa, especially the vice. A variant mosaic of race and religion is here presented. It is in itself interesting and instructive to study the feet of the passing throng, showing the foot covering of the world from the primitive sandals of Father Adam's family to the delicate bottines of the Paris belle; yellow Turkish babouches, red Armenian, blue Greek and black Jewish shoes; sandals, great boots from Turkestan, Albanian gaiters, low cut slippers, gold embroidered shoes, shoes of satin, of twine, of rags and of wood; a variety so bewildering that while catching a glimpse of one type the eye is distracted by a hundred others. There one sees little Turkish girls dressed in green full trousers and rose color or yellow vests cut like boys', running beside your carriage asking for backsheesh. They are abundantly able to take care of themselves, however, making their way with feline agility and henna-tinted hands. Camels, horses, sedan chairs, ox carts, casks on wheels, donkeys and mangy dogs file into line between the crowds of water carriers with jars or pig skins of

water on their backs; Armenian porters, Syrians, Bulgarians, *et al.*, habited in coarse serge material and wearing caps circled with fur; the shining bald pate of the tonsured Capuchin friar; pilgrims returning from Mecca, Jesuits and Dervishes stalking by wearing talismans around their necks; here a eunuch swinging a cravouche of hippopotamus hide and showing the whites of his eyes (otherwise he is ebon black) at a Christian who has the effrontery to let curiosity direct his optics within the carriage of the harem. Of course there is a motley crew of beggars. How they manage to take off and put on their tattered garments is a constant puzzle; probably they never do remove them, notwithstanding that their religion prescribes one complete and four partial ablutions daily. The present Sultan's old palace by the water's edge is now quite deserted. Landing at Scutari we took carriage up the steep rock-ribbed street to the Howling Dervishes. There visitors form an outer circle within which the dervishes, seated on the floor, sway their bodies to and fro, howling, barking, snapping, jerking the head and body, frothing at the mouth and breathing hard, concluding by chanting the Koran, after which several sick infants are brought from their mother's arms

by a dervish, who lays them on the floor, face downward, in front of the chief dervish, who with all his weight (fully one hundred and eighty pounds) steps on them with both feet. This is supposed to constitute a cure for present and a preventive of future ills. Some of the babies were only a week old. This heroic, or rather barbarous, treatment is applied to persons from tender infancy to full manhood. On our way back we drove through the spacious grounds of the Turkish Cemetery, shaded by a forest of cypress trees. All Turks desire to be buried in Asia, as the Koran instructs that recreant Europe is not naturally the last resting place of the Faithful. The grave stones incline in every direction, and are spread in disorder throughout this dismal forest. The slender Turkish column-shaped headstone is surmounted by a turban carved in marble, the style of fez and turban indicating the rank of the deceased. The graves of the women are distinguished by narrow vertical tombstones, showing the carved design of a leaf. The number of offspring is symbolized by the number of flowers extending from the leaf—a flower for each child—and is, we think, a pretty conceit. We saw very few tombstones minus one or more flowers. Graves



Cemetery, Scutari, (Constantinople.)

surrounded by a wall, with numerous plain slabs capping them, indicate the rank of Pasha, but the most imposing monument of all is that erected by the Sultan Mohammed II over the spot on which the horse dropped dead after safely bearing a captain bringing news of the fall of Constantinople. Returning we passed by the Nightingale Hospital of gentle renown, and in the Harbor, the Maidens' Tower. Beyond is the British Cemetery, marked with a fitting column in commemoration of the Crimean heroes, so many of whom found last resting place there. At the landing stage we were attracted by the ever toothsome "Nougat," "Turkish Delight" and pistachio nuts, which to us always offer temptation. Our carriage was in waiting and took us on to Pigeon Mosque, with its thousands of tame pigeons; birds of the prophet. Before returning to the hotel for dinner we stopped awhile at the bazaars to make a selection of coffee cups. The succession of buildings which go to make up the bazaars of Constantinople might be described as an immense stone edifice in the style of Byzantine architecture, irregular in form and surrounded by high gray walls. Light is furnished to the interior of the shops through hundreds of lead

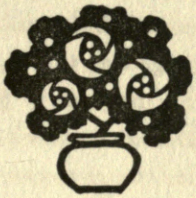
colored cupolas. An arched doorway through which no noise from without can penetrate constitutes the principal entrance. Standing a few feet from this entrance the feeling impresses itself that within these fortresslike walls is the home of solitude and silence, yet, once fairly within, the beholder stands bewildered, for he encounters not one edifice, but a chain or labyrinth of arched streets flanked by sculptured columns and pilasters; a real city indeed, containing mosques, fountains and crossways, with squares as dimly lighted as a forest, into which no ray of sunlight ever enters, but through which surging throngs of people daily pass and repass. Every street is a bazaar, and through these dimly lighted thoroughfares camels, horses and carriages are constantly in motion, giving off an almost deafening concatenation of sounds. Each class of goods in the bazaar enjoys its allotted section, and the visitor is beset on every side by Greek, Armenian and Jew with words, signs and gestures soliciting him to buy, but never by the immobile Turk—the fatalist, who rests content in his belief that "What is to be, will be!" Half a score of raucus voices, all in one breath, addressed Seymour as Captain! Monsieur! Signore! Eccellenza! Caballero! My

A Glimpse in the Grand Bazaar, Constantinople.

Lord! Kyrie. Your way takes you through towering heaps of brocades from Bagdad, silks from Broussa, linens from Hindustan, muslins from Bengal, shawls from Madras, cashmeres from India and the vari-tinted tissues of Cairo; but the attractiveness of these articles fades out of significance beside the jewelry display. At the jewelers' bazaar old Turks offer to your admiring gaze diamonds from Golconda, sapphires from Ormus, rubies from Gramschid, necklaces of opals and stars of emeralds. After waiting till one turbaned patriarch had finished his pious devotions we presented a ring which we found on a street of Cairo for his examination, and needless to say our own opinion of this product of the Oriental jewelers' art was abundantly confirmed—the metal composing it lacking even the doubtful respectability of gold polish. It is not possible to negotiate a purchase with one person only; the proprietor is supplemented by his partners, by middlemen, runners, etc., etc., until you find a dozen or more of them at your elbow supervising the transaction. They begin the negotiation by asking a palpably absurd price. You have already been advised that it is not good business to offer more than a third of the sum demanded, so you follow this advice,

whereupon the shopkeeper and his friends drop their arms in feigned dismay or strike their foreheads with a gesture of despair. A competitor from a near by shop whispers in your ear: "Don't buy; he is a cheat!" While the purchaser is examining goods the coalition are exchanging signs, winks, nods and whispers. If you speak Greek they speak in Turkish; if you know Turkish they converse in Armenian, and if you are *au fait* of Armenian they resort to Italian or Spanish, but by hook or crook they are certain to get the better of you. One curious feature of Constantinople —one that the people should for their own interest and protection more seriously consider and remedy—is the fire service. When a fire occurs in Constantinople the fact is announced by boom of cannon on Galata Tower, the highest eminence in the city; then flags of different colors are displayed, indicating the place of the conflagration, upon which the primitive fire extinguishers proceed to the scene. On arriving there nothing is done toward putting out the fire until a compensation bargain has been struck with the property owner and a cash sum in advance agreed upon; these *pourparlers* usually

take up so much time that the property is largely destroyed before any attempt at salvage is made. So much for the fire department of one of the world's ex-great cities.



February Twenty-sixth.

THIS is Friday, the day of the week on which the Sultan regularly attends mosque, the day known to the Faithful as "Salamlik." Our dragoman arranged at the American Consulate for the necessary permit to attend this social function. Being somewhat early, we stopped *en route* to see the rug weavers at work. Many of these are little girls eight or nine years of age, directed by experienced weavers in the manufacture of beautiful silk rugs, the kind we see exposed for sale at home at a thousand dollars apiece and upwards. For this patient labor, occupying as much time as three years in the making of a single rug, these little weavers receive the starvation wage of nine cents a day. It seems that in every land, according to the measure of its enlightenment, children are more or less imposed upon, and it is a consummation devoutly to be wished that in our own beloved country the time is not distant when stringent laws against child labor will be enacted and enforced. We continue our long ride across the city toward Yildiz Kiosk, situate on a high and thickly wooded hill.

A Fellahine of the Nile.

It is the site of the Kiosk, built by the grandfather of the present Sultan. The palace was named after a beautiful Circassian favorite, whom the ruler called his "Yildiz," or star. Yildiz Kiosk is a glittering mass of white marble; the palace of the Imperial Ceremonies called Merassim. No other sovereign in the world is favored with such views from his palace window—the Ionian blue of the Bosphorus, and the majestic stretch of emerald parks—one huge aquamarine set against the disquieting glitter of bayonets. Yildiz is a fortress that could well stand a siege. The domain is encircled by a great wall, including barracks and a numerous *Corp de Garde.* A second wall surrounds the personal residence of the Sultan in Yildiz Park, as well as that of his sons, the princes and the Seraglio. The latter is so strictly guarded that Yildiz enjoys the proud boast of being the most moral Seraglio in history! The favorites of the Sultan's harem are Circassian girls, girls of such surpassing beauty as to excite such classifications as "Pearl of the Caliphat," "The Moon-Formed," and "Early Ripening Grapes" (the acme of poetic appellation being "Tears of Mahomet," symbolic of the superb white grape cluster). To call a Turkish woman

a "Little Bit of Sugar," is to apply to her the sweetest of epithets. The use of rouge, of Indian ink for the eyebrows, pencil for eyelashes, or jars of "lip cordial" by the Yildiz Seraglio's thousand most beautiful women of the world, is strictly forbidden by the Sultan, who is in fear of concealed poison. The Volide—Sultana—(step-mother to the Sultan who enjoys the title of "Crown of the Veiled Heads"), dominates the Seraglio. In the gardens without, armed guards are everywhere in evidence. Now and then a eunuch (these are red-fezzed negroes) passes into view, and from time to time His Highness, the Great Eunuch of the Imperial Harem also may be seen strutting along. This important personage is an enormous negro, bearing the title of "*Dar-us-seadet-us-cherife-aghassy*," ("Guard of the Gate of Felicity"). Whenever he promenades in the park several servants always accompany him. Kapous-aghassy (Chief of the White Eunuchs), too may make furtive appearance in the garden. These shrewd, sly, sad men have, perhaps, come forth for a stroll near the heliotrope garden, or as message-bearers from the Sultan to the Yersir-dir-bachi—Grand Master of the Slaves. Already streets are filled with regiments and

Eunuch Guarding Door of Royal Harem.

their multiplicity of Turkish soldiers, the thirty thousand or so of red fezzes giving the impression of red tulip beds. Each regiment has its own band of music. We slowly forge our way through them to the enclosure near the palace gate, reserved for foreign visitors, where ushers in uniform examine passports and conduct us to a number of expectant friends from the hotel. Every avenue and open square shows four rows deep of mounted soldiers with lances in place—a truly gala sight befitting such a gala occasion. At the appointed moment the Muezzin appears on the balcony of the minaret and calls to prayer—"God is great" (repeated four times); "I bear witness that there is no God but God" (twice repeated); "I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God" (twice repeated); "Come to prayers! Come to prayers! Come to salvation! Come to salvation! Come to salvation! God is great! There is no other God but God!" When the call occurs early in the morning the Muezzin adds: "Prayer is better than sleep!" The favorite regiment and personal guard of the Sultan, in brilliant green turbans, gives the signal of His Majesty's approach. Now we hear the first notes of the *Hamideyeh*, the Sultan's

march. The generals of the army in full dress regalia precede on horseback, followed by Pashas and Ministers; next appear the beautiful carriages of the harem bearing the wives of the Sultan in brilliant attire but in veiled seclusion, each accompanied by her particular maid slave, while beside each carriage stalwart eunuchs run on foot. The next carriage contains no less a personage than the Sublime Porte, Abdul Hamid II, riding alone, dressed in conventional black clothes and wearing a red fez. Our American magazine and journal cartoonists have very accurately depicted his appearance. As the Sultan steps out of his carriage, in his simple dress the center of this gorgeous pageant, the Muezzin above leans over the gallery of the minaret and utters a concluding cry, addressed to the Sultan, and only employed on such occasions: "Remember there is One greater than thou!" The regiments salute as with one voice: "Long live our Ruler!" As the Sultan disappears within the mosque the soldeirs break ranks and relax from their erstwhile rigidity. Servants in livery dispense in dainty cups most delicious tea and Huntley and Palmer wafers to the waiting thousands of soldiers and visitors. The twenty minutes so

pleasantly occupied pass all too soon; the signal for attention is given, and every one is on the *qui vive* of expectancy. The line is reformed with its generals, pashas, crown prince and younger princelings leading, followed by the harem carriages drawn by the Sultan's favorite steeds led by richly attired grooms, and lastly followed by the Sublime Porte himself, riding with his Grand Vizier, to whom the populace renew devout obeisances, during which the imperial retinue disappears within the Kiosk gate, but not before we had a good view of Burhaneddin, the Sultan's third son and favorite for the succession, defying thereby the Mohammedan law which specifies that the eldest of the family (the Sultan's brother) naturally becomes heir. The Sultan is annually married at a mosque. The Turkish Empire is winnowed for the most beautiful girl to adorn the palace in the capacity of new wife. Usually the Sultan's mother makes the choice from an eager bevy of beauties assembled from far and wide. The royal marriage laws peculiar to this country make the wife of the Sultan a slave, conformably to the provision that the future ruler must be born a slave—strange, but true. It was only after leaving Egypt that we learned that the

present Khedivah when young had as a slave girl been presented by the Sultan to the present Khedive's father. She was a girl of surpassing beauty, and was given to Prince Abbas as a playmate. They grew up together, and were married after the birth of their first child. From the Yildiz Kiosk we drove to the beautiful Suleiman Mosque, the most splendid in Constantinople, its interior consisting of porcelain tile work in brilliant blue. We had time to see the mosque of the "Whirling Dervishes"—a queer, mediaeval sort of place—where visitors occupy seats in the upper gallery, and through the arches look down on the incanting fanatics below, who whirl about so rapidly that their green robes together with their snow white undergarments form a radiance or sort of aureole around their naked feet. On account of the "*Salamlik*," or visit of the Sultan to the mosque, Friday is the one day of the week on which the hotels make a specialty of serving luncheon until late in the afternoon, even up to four o'clock. Clara had accepted an invitation to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. de Andria, at their palatial home in Constantinople, where she was delightfully entertained, meeting a number of their European friends and relatives. During the afternoon

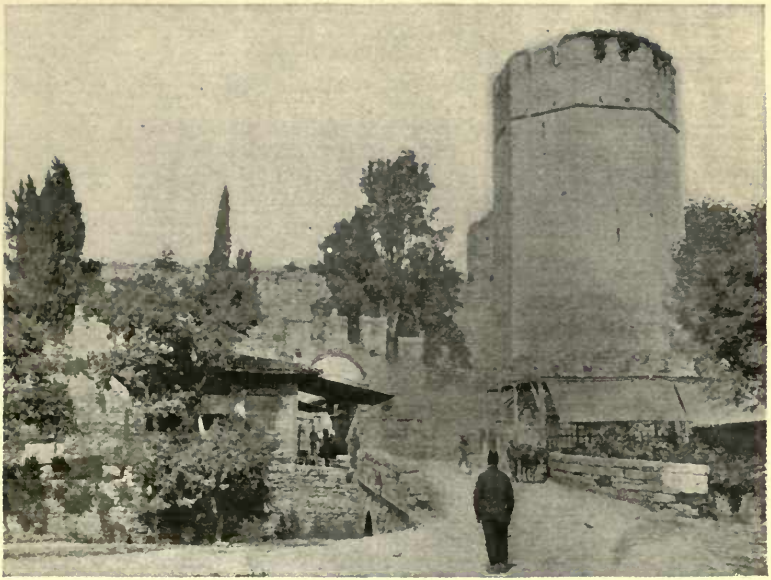
THE SALAMLIK, YILDIZ KIOSK AT THE LEFT.

our good friends the peripatetic Websters and Seymour drove over to Stamboul to investigate the Cisterns which were built there in the time of Emperor Constantine, and now are used as a resort for silk spinners. The arched roof over the Cisterns is supported by three hundred and thirty-six massive columns thirty-nine feet high showing carved capitals of much artistic merit. On their way back to the hotel the Websters and Seymour were again attracted to the bazaar reservation, and stayed so late bargaining for a five dollar table cover for fifty cents that the lights were extinguished and they were obliged to tip the gate keeper to get out. It is strange but true, the Oriental appreciates and likes most those persons who drive the hardest bargains with him. He has only contempt for the soft, plastic individual who pays him his first asking price. When later in the evening Clara examined our purchase of alleged silk table covers we were chagrined to find that our man erudition had accepted mercerized cotton, and that they were dear at fifty cents each. At the hotel we met our old friends of Bermuda days, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Jr., who had just arrived by the "Arabic" after a cruise through the Mediterranean.

Needless to say, the reunion was appropriately celebrated at the Pera Palace with things pleasing to the palate as well as an interesting exchange of news up to date. We have tried to keep abreast of our mailing list—duly sending picture postals to relatives and friends at home—but mailing anything from this portion of the globe is coupled with some measure of uncertainty inasmuch as one must first decide to what government he will confide the protection of his mail matter, because the Austrian, German, Italian, Turkish, French, Japanese, and we hesitate to guess how many more, post offices operate independently here, with separate letter boxes, separate postage stamps and separate letter carriers, so if there have been disappointments, censure of the Davises should be suspended.

February Twenty-seventh.

AFTER emptying our pockets of Turkish coppers to the beggars on the pier, we steamed away at half-past ten a. m. on the Austrian Lloyd's S. S. "Baron Beck," bound for Greece. The United States ambassador, Hon. John G. A. Leishman, visited the wharf to wish some of his Legation friends *bon voyage*. One



GATE OF THE SEVEN TOWERS.
PART OF THE OLD FORTIFICATIONS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

of the party, a girl of fifteen, accompanied by her mother, rather shocked our staid American sense of propriety by smoking cigarettes all day on deck. For hours we were interested spectators of the slowly receding shores with the imposing minarets and domes of Stamboul growing fainter and fainter as distance widened. We soon left astern the old fortifications and the Princess Islands, formerly abounding in churches and monasteries, in which latter dethroned royalty and princes of the court out of favor were wont to find asylum. Soon, too, we found ourselves on the Sea of Marmora and out of sight of land, then passing through the Hellespont into the Aegean Sea, and by midnight approaching the Cyclades, our course lying between the sacred island of Delos and the island of Naxos—the scene of the legend of Ariadne.

February Twenty-eighth.

THE coast line of Greece is at once majestic, rugged, superb! Gleaming white marble temples dating back to the era of mythology crown its summits. Scene and perspective are imposing and inspiriting, and seem naturally to put on the vestment of mystery, hence it

may be said that the obsessions of the ancient Greeks were not lacking natural inspiration. In due time we anchored in front of the Piraeus, from which point the Acropolis at Athens and Mount Lycabettus, six miles distant, are clearly visible. In medieval times the Piraeus was, by reason of its marble lion on which Asmund inscribed in runic characters the victory of Haakon over the Greeks, known as Porto Leone. Since the seventh century, however, this historic lion has occupied a position in front of the arsenal at Venice. Arriving on Sunday, we were put through the Custom House without loss of time, and loading our baggage into a landau, began the drive to Athens. On the way there we encountered a Greek funeral procession, with priests in embroidered robes leading, followed in due order by young ecclesiastics bearing large candles and banners. The deceased, clothed in his holiday garments, with a wreath of white artificial flowers encircling his head, his hands crossed upon his breast—in each hand an orange—is borne on a stretcher, while the mourners walk alongside. Later, in Athens, we saw several more funerals; in one case—that of a brother and sister—following an ancient custom, the

Acropolis of Athens from Phalerum Road.

woman who had prepared the bodies for burial broke the china bowl used for the purpose in the gateway prior to the exit of the funeral cortege. After a Greek funeral it is customary for relatives and friends to return to the house for refreshment. Piraeus is connected with Athens by the Phalerum road, a beautiful avenue with pepper trees lining both sides of the driveway. This splendid road was the gift of a rich Greek, the same who contributed four hundred thousand dollars to the restoration in white marble of the ancient Stadium. Our Isadora Duncan has a pretty villa near Athens, where she practices and teaches Greek dances. Athens is a clean, well-built city. We found the Hotel Angleterre on the "Syntogma" or Place de la Constitution very comfortable indeed. We were assigned as a bedroom a grand salon furnished with numerous pieces of statuary, gilt mirror, French clock, white marble mantel, divans, desk and other articles of necessity and luxury, including two excellent beds and a cheery crackling grate fire. John Metaxatos proved to be an excellent Greek guide. Our first visit under his guidance was to the Temple of the Olympian Zeus, described by Aristotle as a work of "despotic grandeur" and by

Livy as "*templum unum in terris, inchoatum pro magnitudini dei,*" and was the second largest Greek temple known. A few of the original one hundred and four Corinthian columns still are standing in the original great, open, space near the center of the city popularly known as "At the Columns," and is a favorite summer evening resort. As the water course of the ancient town at this point flowed into the Illissos, chroniclers naturally recorded it as the spot where the last of the waters of the Deluge finally subsided. A Stylites or pillar hermit dwelt for years on the top of the epistyle, obtaining food by letting down a basket, which was regularly filled with provisions by the pious and charitable. Passing through the Arch of Hadrian near by, we took carriage to the ruins under the south side of the Acropolis, beginning with the Theatre of Bacchus (Dionysius); the cradle of Greek dramatic art and the spot on which the master-pieces of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes were produced, to the delight of their audiences. The theatre site was well chosen, with its great semicircles of seats tiered above each other facing the sea. The seats of honor consisted of marble, and were located in the front row. Upon them

Temple of Olympian Zeus, Athens.

was offically inscribed the owners' names two hundred B. C. A centrally located chair of marble beautifully carved was reserved to the priest of Bacchus himself. During the Roman era a low marble wall was built around the orchestra, either for confinement of the wild beasts that took part in gladiatorial events or for the confinement of water on which to produce miniature naval battles. The fundamental idea of the New York Hippodrome undoubtedly was borrowed from these ancient creations. Next to the theatre and facing south, sheltered from the winds of the north by the Acropolis, is the Temple Sanitarium of that Greek scholar of medicine Aesculapius, who dedicated his altar to Hygeia and other health divinities. A portion of the building was enclosed, while part of it consisted of an open colonnade where worshippers also slept. His principal treatment comprised air and water, with pure honey for breakfast. At the back of the stoa or portico is the chalybeate spring, around which a shrine has been built and which pilgrim Greeks still visit to drink its water, said to be specially efficacious in cases of stomach disease. We passed between a mass of columns in ruins, and the Stoa Eumenia which formed a

covered colonnade between the Theatre of Dionysius and the Odeon—formerly a roofed theatre for musical performances built by Herodes Atticus in memory of his wife Regilla. We drove to the top of the Pnyx, not fifteen hundred feet in front of the Propylea, the place in ancient Athens where the people met to deliberate and vote on public affairs, thence to Mars Hill (Areopagus), a rocky plateau a short distance below, where St. Paul preached to the Athenians Fifty-four A. D., of which an account is given in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. We were much interested in the ruins of a Christian church dedicated to the Areopagite—Paul's first convert in Athens—and the caves in the sides of the Acropolis connected with so many stories of Pan; the Lysistrata of Aristophanes, Apollo and Ion. The ancient court of the Areopagus, which exercised supreme jurisdiction in all cases of life and death, held its sittings on this hill. On our way back we stopped at the prison cave of Socrates in the solid rock of the Hill of the Muses. The best preserved temple in Greece is that of Theseus, the hero of Athens. It is of Doric architecture, surrounded by columns, standing majestic in an open square. It is built

entirely of Pentelic marble, now weathered to a golden yellow. It is a peripheral hexastyle in antis and stands upon a marble stylobate raised two feet from the ground. We crossed the dry bed of the Illissos and were shown the place where old Boreas so rudely disturbed Oreithyea in her botanical studies. We were reminded that here Plato laid the scene of his Phaedros where the talkers rested on the soft turf, listened to the song of the cicadas, the stream flowing at their feet, and enjoyed the fragrance of the plane trees overhead and the refreshing breezes blowing from the sea. The Stadium—the scene of the Panathenean games—is indeed interesting. It lies in a natural hollow formed by surrounding hills. Three hundred and thirty-one B. C. Lycurgus formally leveled this space and built a spectators' wall around it. In the second century Atticus filled the slopes with rows of marble seats, and in the year Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six a Greek gentleman named Averhoff emulated the Roman benefactor Herodes Atticus by renewing the Stadium in marble and by stimulating anew expositions of the ancient games of Greece. The Stadium constitutes a stretch of dazzling white marble seven hundred feet in

length and one hundred and thirty feet wide, with seating capacity for fifty thousand. To-day we saw some runners practicing on the track. The costume of the Greek soldier is the antithesis of generally accepted military uniforms, and is suggestive of something more befitting a fancy dress masquerade performance than caparison suited to the sanguinary art of war. The Greek regulation uniform comprises a pair of white cotton tights, a short, very full white ballet skirt showing well above the knee, gaiters with flowing red silk tassels to match red slippers cut low and ornamented with large pompons on the upturned toes, a gay colored sash into which are stuck knives and pistols, an embroidered bolero jacket over a white shirt with voluminous flowing sleeves, and a skull cap of red cloth suspended from the crown of which swings a dark blue tassel extending below the shoulders. The costumes of the women are conspicuous for very gay colors and elaborate needlework trimmings. The Greeks appear to be a happy, contented race of people, and in this respect might well be emulated by the Occidental. The King's Palace is situate in the heart of the city. surrounded by beautiful gardens. His Majesty is very

Greek Soldier.

confident of the love of his subjects, and rides forth on horseback without escort or attendants. Our hotel, on the opposite side of the square, faces the King's Palace.

March First.

ANOTHER warm day, with brilliant sunshine, clear air and glorious views of the surrounding mountain panoramas. The quarries of Pentelic marble are plainly visible on one slope, while the blue waters of the bay of Salamis seem hardly ten miles distant. Again we take our guide and carriage for a visit to the place *de luxe* of history—the Acropolis. Ancient Athens was built around the base of this high plateau, upon which stood the glory and pride of the Hellenic world—the Pantheon. Originally the Acropolis must have been a hill-fortress like that of Troy. Its position on a hill and at safe distance from sea attack rendered it ideal, and from its overlooking height enabled it to protect adjacent property. We entered the Acropolis through the Propylaea, which is approached by way of a long flight of steps flanked on either side by ruins of temples, pedestals, and balustrades, and occupying the whole of the western side. This building, famous in

antiquity as being the greatest production in civil architecture in Athens, was built of Pentelic marble, on the Ionic order, Four Hundred and Thirty-seven B. C. Next adjoining, perched upon a jutting ledge of rock, is the exquisite small temple of Nike, erected in commemoration of the battle of Platea which resulted in driving the Persians out of Greece. Here an enchanting panorama is presented to view. It was here Byron got his inspiration for the third canto of "The Corsair:"

"Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race he run
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Glides the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Regina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The God of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own religious lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse

The Propylaea, Athens.

More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliffs he sinks to sleep."

It is said that here King Aegens stood in order to catch the first glimpse of the ship returning from Crete with his son Theseus. Unhappily Theseus forgot to display the white sail—the agreed emblem of victory over the Minotaur—and his aged father interpreting the black sail to mean the death of his son, threw himself headlong from the promontory. Fragments of sculptures from the balustrade are on exhibition in the Acropolis Museum, the best known of which is "Victory Stooping to Tie Her Sandal." In the open space between the Propylaea and the Parthenon once stood the great statue of Athena. It was colossal in size, made of bronze by Phidias. During a Turkish invasion it was carried to Constantinople and finally destroyed in a riot. As we cross the Acropolis the Parthenon, "House of the Virgin," dedicated to Minerva—the most perfect monument of ancient art—

faces us in majestic ruin. It was dedicated to the virgin goddess Athena Parthenos, whose statue, placed in the cella, consisted of wood, on which the figure was modeled out of some plastic material and sheathed with ivory plates to represent the nude portion of the statue, gold being used for the drapery. At the extremes it shows eight gigantic columns and at the sides seventeen—a proportion of perfect symmetry. The crowning charm of the Parthenon was evidenced in the sculpture work which completed and decorated it, color being everywhere freely used, traces of which still remain. Of the metopes on the Parthenon less than half remain; some have found a home in the British Museum, some in the Acropolis Museum, some in the Museum at Munich and one in the Louvre. During the sixth century after Christ the Parthenon was turned into a Christian church, and in the fifteenth century it became a mosque. The minaret, built during the hated Turkish occupation, has been pulled down. In the seventeenth century it was used by the Turks as a powder magazine, and during the siege by the Venetians was accidentally blown up, otherwise it is likely that it would

THE PARTHENON, ATHENS.

have been preserved in good condition to the present day. The Erechtheum was the third largest temple, and contained many shrines. The Caryatides porch—or Porch of the Maidens—consisted of six female figures supporting the entablature, the head dresses of the figures forming as it were the capitals of the columns. This temple occupies the ancient site on which the strife between Athena and Poseidon for possession of Athens was decided; recalled by the olive tree still growing there. A belvedere projects from a far corner of the Acropolis, from which the alluring view includes the entire city of Athens below, completely girdled by mountains, between which glimpses of the blue Aegean Sea, the road to Marathon, the King's Gardens, and the white Stadium gleaming in the sun like crystals of cut loaf sugar are had, while beyond, looming in lonely grandeur, Mount Lycabettus bears at the dizzy height of eight hundred feet a Greek monastery. To the left is the green hill of Plato's Groves of Academus; nearer to the heart of the city stands the ruins of Hadrian's Market, which must have furnished an imposing arcade of Doric columns. Nearby is the "Tower of Winds," from which an oracle formerly directed affairs of mariners.

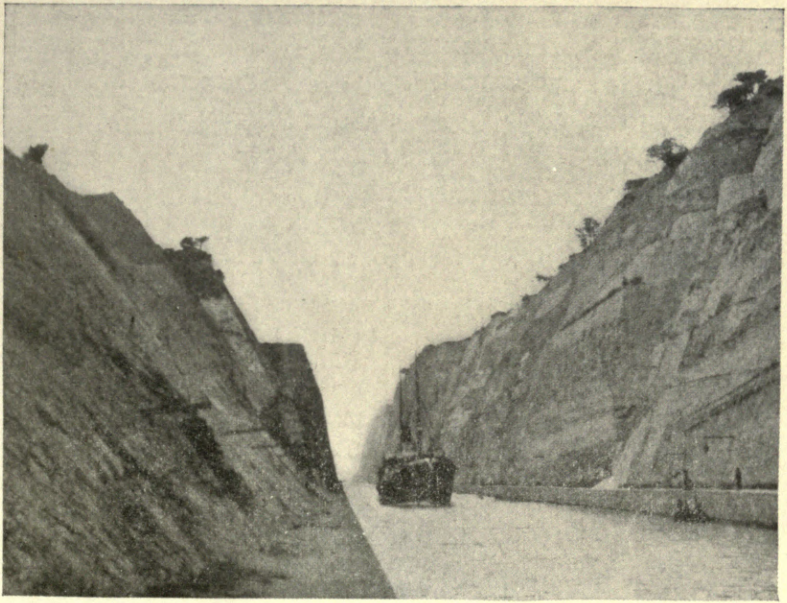
Another function of the tower was that of water clock, a dial cut in the stone floor being regulated by water flowing through grooves. The Monument of Lysicrates, popularly known as the "Lantern of Diogenes," and formerly one of an entire street of tripods dating back to Three Hundred and Thirty-five B. C.—of which present remains constitute the base only—is the oldest extant structure of the Corinthian order of architecture. Once it was used as the library of a Capuchin monastery, and on the occasion of Lord Byron's visit to the Capuchins he occupied it as a study. The ground on which this monument stands is owned by France. After assimilating this feast of sight seeing with our luncheon at the Hotel Angleterre, we spent the afternoon driving leisurely about in an open landau and in visiting the Queen's School for Poor Children and the Museum of Grecian Excavations. Athens is pre-eminently the home of vases of the best period of that art. We looked in upon a session of Parliament before driving out to the Dipylon—a double gateway forming the principal entrance to classic Athens—and to the street of tombs outside the Dipylon, the only street of the kind in Greece, where famous sculptures,

THE MONUMENT OF LYSICRATES, ATHENS.

such as the Apis Bull, and funeral vases on one of which Charon is depicted approaching the funeral banquet to ferry away the soul of the deceased, and the equestrian monument of a young warrior who fell in action at Corinth, Three Hundred and Ninety-four B. C., represented in the act of striking down his adversary, offer wonders to the eye. The well above the cemetery is very ancient, and water from that source probably was employed in funeral ceremonies. We visited the Library and the Academy, both of which are modern buildings of inferior architecture. In passing the prison we were surprised at the curious sight of prisoners with their arms thrust through the double grated windows idly dangling strings of pastime beads at the passers by.

March Second.

HIS morning was passed idling about the shops, with, however, an eye single to souvenirs, and later we successfully repeated the prandial operation of having a hamper of luncheon made up at the delicatessen shop, along with a bottle of Greek wine and some French mineral water. The carriage was ready at eleven o'clock, and, after saying good-bye to Mr. Plant—a fellow-passenger on the "Cedric," who is here for a six months' cruise on the Mediterranean in his private yacht—and thanking him for a courteous invitation to join the yachting party, we started via the Sacred Way—portions of which are cut out of solid rock—for Eleusis, whose roadside shrines and fertile valleys adorn the distance to the Bay of Salamis. Except for its ruins the town of Eleusis is uninteresting. Here Aeschylus was born. So great an area covered with masses of masonry bear testimony to the vast size of the temple. Its mystery-rite probably took place around the columns in the center of the hall, while the worshippers sat around on the steps. The ritual was composed chiefly of a mystery play repre-



Corinth Canal.

senting the hereafter, the entire celebration occupying several days, including preliminary purification at Athens and a procession thence along the Sacred Way. In the underground chambers of the temple it is supposed that life in Hades was enacted. From Eleusis we went by train to Corinth, a short journey through well cultivated country. At the dizzy height of one hundred and sixty feet we passed over the Corinth Canal, cut through solid rock. We found the Grand Hotel Bretagne here to be one of the satisfactory features of our trip. Its proprietor enjoys a remarkable faculty for making friends, and his manner bespeaks cordial sincerity. Acro-Corinth is the old walled citadel at the very summit of a high mountain, half an hour's drive from the new town of Corinth. To-night we enjoyed chatting by the fire with our boniface, filling him replete with stories of the tall buildings in New York and watching his amazement. He told us he had had as guests President Roosevelt's daughter Alice, also President-elect Taft's brother Charles. Our bedroom was supplied with heat from an open charcoal brazier, the fumes of which might have provided two involuntary American victims for a Greek

funeral had not the proprietor, his wife and wife's mother, together with manservant and maidservant (omitting the ungulates and the stranger) appeared on the scene at midnight and bodily removed the murderous brazier.

March Third.

AS a farewell remembrance the proprietor has given us a valuable little ceramic horse, excavated from one of the tombs at Corinth, doubtless buried with the deceased during that prehistoric period when it was customary to provide the departed with specialties for use in the next world. Two hours' ride from Corinth along the imposing coast line of Greece brought us to the seaport city of Patras. On one side is the Gulf of Corinth and on the other side a range of rugged mountains. We spent the rest of the afternoon exploring the interesting streets of Patras, where in the open doorways of the restaurants we saw sheep-barbecues. In one of the shops where we were admiring what we supposed was tapestry for curtain borders with Greek inscriptions, we were told, to our surprise, that they were Greek swaddling bands for infants. At the conclusion of dinner we went on board the Italian steamer

Principal Square of Patros.

"Electrico," lying at anchor in the harbor, by which boat we had taken passage for Italy. Several besides ourselves are crossing by this boat, including the wife of the French Consul. This lady has been the recipient of thousands of violets of every variety—bunches too large for one person to carry. This is the height of the violet season here. An Italian youth who sits at our table confided that he is private messenger to the King of Italy, and indeed his credentials are very interesting.

March Fourth.

INAUGURATION DAY, and a new President of the United States! A hearty welcome to you Hon. William Howard Taft!!! Over here everyone who reads is full of the subject of ex-President Roosevelt's African hunting trip, and he who "waits" is consequently demanding increased backsheesh. We incline to think that T. R. will not stand macing for tips. During the night we passed the Island of Ithaca, where Ulysses reigned and Penelope spun. The approach to the Island of Corfu was made to-day under favorable conditions. The profuse and beautiful vege-

tation of the island as seen under blue sky and brilliant sunshine is most attractive. Near the shore the eucalyptus and many sub-tropical plants flourish luxuriantly. Our steamer passed beneath the frowning battlements, jutting out into the sea, of the Fortezza Vecchia. Near the mouth of the old harbor the sea exposes some rocks, one of which is called the Ship of Ulysses, in allusion to the traditional turning of Ulysses' ship into stone by Poseidon. Again we were taken off in small boats, and on arriving at the quay found excellent equipages in goodly number at command. An old guide—retired from the army—insisted on our employing him, and while his English was very poor, he was thorough in showing us all places of interest. The population of the town includes a mixture of Greeks, Latins and Jews, while the buildings show evidence of British protectorate. Along the Strada the walk is very picturesque, but it is unfortunate that near the old Venetian fort the sea wall is crumbling in decay. Located in the town is the interesting church of St. Spiridion, the body of which saint is preserved in a silver casket, inlaid with jewels, of wonderful workmanship, before which pass a continuous line of devotees kissing its

Ship of Ulysses, from the Old Harbor.

nameplate and ikon. On certain memorial and special occasions the body of St. Spiridion is carried through the town in solemn procession, on one of which occasions its presence is said to have caused the plague—epidemic—to cease. To an American the shops here offer little of interest, so after early luncheon at the hotel St. George we took a long drive to the Villa Achillon, formerly the favorite residence of the martyred Empress of Austria. The roads are very good, the mountain scenery simply entrancing, and the olive trees particularly fine specimens. Peasants in gaily colored fabrics labor in fields and by roadsides. Frequently we were constrained to exclaim aloud over the beauty of nature's perfect carpet of blue violets. Wonderful, wonderful nature! God's own handiwork!! For her retreat the Empress of Austria selected a most attractive location, overlooking a tropical garden of rare trees and flowers, nestling in the heart of which is her Pompeiian villa, "*Mon Repos.*" The statuary and paintings contained in this villa are all suggestive of a wounded spirit. Over the grand stairway a painting of heroic dimensions shows Achilles before the walls of Troy dragging the dead body of

Hector at his chariot wheels. The patio or open inner court of the villa is surrounded by life-size marble figures of the Muses, with background of columns and foliage of deepest green. Descending to the second terrace one passes through vine-covered lattice into a garden of flowers, palms and cypress trees leading to a circular terrace with surrounding balustrade of marble. In the center of the open space is a huge sculpture in white marble of the wounded Achilles, recumbent, and about to draw the arrow from his heel. Tea tables and seats of marble lend their part to the charming aggregation found in this beautiful villa looking directly out on sea and harbor, with the town of Corfu in the distance and the mountains of Albania visible on the opposite coast. This villa and royal gardens have been acquired by the present German Emperor, and are visited by him on rare occasions, meanwhile the property is under the watchful, all-seeing, overseeing eye of a German intendant. A very self-contained German maid from Berlin showed us through the grounds, but put her flat foot flatly down on our using the mute and innocent kodak, that harmless instrument of retrospective pleasure. By five o'clock we had

THE GARDEN OF VILLA ACHILLEON, CORFU.

gotten back to the steamer and soon after were steaming across the Adriatic Sea toward the city of Brindisi in Italy.

March Fifth.

ON opening our eyes this morning we discovered that our steamer was tied up to a great stone pier in the harbor of Brindisi. This is the ancient Brindisium of the Romans, and it was from this pier that many of the Crusaders departed for the Holy Land. After usual Custom House formalities we drove to the station to take train for Naples, passing over Via Appia and by the house in which Virgil died. The fertility of southern Italy is shown in its ability to produce several kinds of crops from the same soil at the same time; for example, during half a day's observation we passed miles of tall, well-pruned mulberry trees festooned from tree to tree with grape vines, leaving room between for a practically full crop of vegetables and cereals. The hundreds of miles of monotonous groves of olive trees with their gnarled trunks somehow reminded us of pictures we had seen of the condemned in Dante's Inferno—the seeming counterpart of human

forms distorted by agony of despair. In some of the groves necessary piers of stone have been erected for support to the old and very heavy olive branches. Getting back to Naples seems almost like being at home again. Our carriage threaded its way through crowded streets, and from a flower vendor who ran alongside we bought an armful of violets at the relatively small cost of one lira or twenty cents, and for the fourth time registered at the Hotel Vesuve. After seeing our baggage safely landed in our apartments, we went at once for mail, finding cable messages and letters awaiting us. We have decided to sail for home to-morrow.

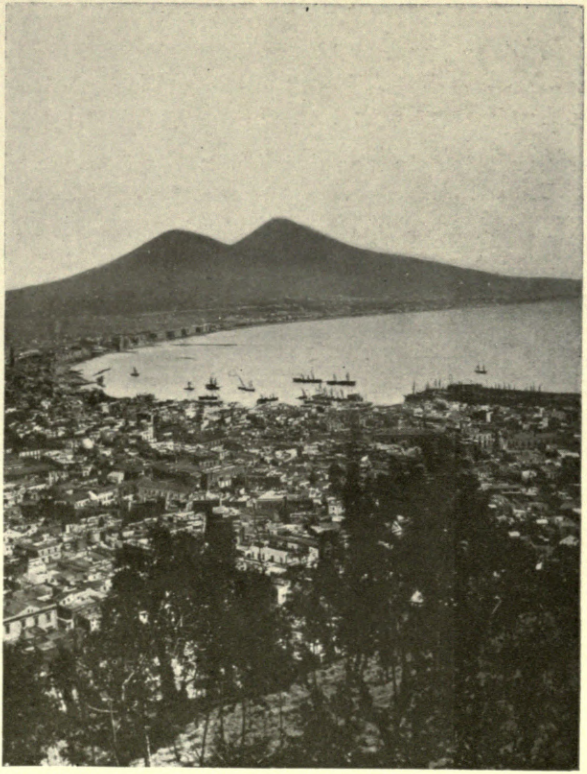
March Sixth.

INQUIRY developed the fact that the S. S. "Finland" will sail at five o'clock this afternoon. We engaged passage at once, then visited the shops for some necessaries, and later bade regretful adieu to our good friends the Websters, who have been such delightful companions throughout the greater part of our entire journeyings. The steamer "Finland" is chartered by the White Star Line to take the place of the ill-fated

COLUMN OF THE MARTYRS, NAPLES.

"Republic," but as she is sailing rather too early for the homeward tide of returning travelers, we find beside ourselves only three other first class passengers. The "Finland," built by Cramps in Philadelphia, is a modern steamer and a model of comfort and cleanliness. Her displacement shows thirteen thousand tons, and makes a much more satisfactory passenger boat than such a leviathan as the "Cedric." Finding at the last moment that the sailing hour had been postponed to seven o'clock, we went ashore again, driving to the Galleria Umberto Primo for a last impression of Naples. While looking in a shop window we saw the Websters in the act of parting with their birthright for a mess of water colors, so we postponed that consummation by taking them back to the steamer in our carriage, where we put in the remaining time encouraging the ragged Neapolitan urchins on the wharf to dance and sing for coppers. And now, after a last *au revoir* to the Websters, and by the light of the full moon rising over Vesuvius, illuminating the bay and silhouetting "Fair Ischia," and the island of Capri against the sky line, we at last shove off from the friendly shore of "Sunny Italy," and occupy our minds with things practical, such as arrang-

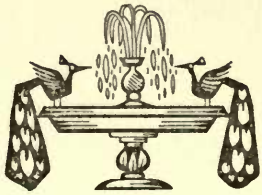
ing our stateroom quarters for the trip before us. Owing to the small number of first class passengers, we had quite a varied choice of quarters, and finally selected a suite of two large cabins on the upper deck, furnished with double beds and air mattresses (a startling evolution from the bunks of earlier sea-going days). Our suite is equipped with all requisites, including writing desks, lounges, reading lamps, etc. Connected with it is an artistic modern bathroom fitted with every up-to-date appurtenance—in fact, a sort of plumbers' pride. Including the Captain and officers, we muster ten in the dining salon, but notwithstanding the paucity of numbers the menu is as elaborate and the orchestra as enthusiastic in its ministrations as if the ten were ten hundred. The perfect quiet and rest aboard ship will soon be converted into the noisy hurly-burly of a large city, for to-morrow morning, March nineteenth, we shall be due at Greater New York, and a City Wonderful it is indeed. Looking backward we find we have traveled fifteen thousand miles, that seven of the ten weeks of our absence have been spent on board ship, and that our stops have been made at seaport towns on Portugese, English, Spanish, Italian, Egyptian, Syrian, Turkish

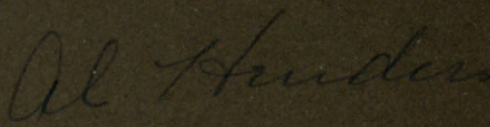


The Bay of Naples, Italy.

and Greek territory. It may be asked, What experiences of your trip have produced deepest impress? Our answer is that we are at loss to discriminate. In turn we might inquire, Is the Temple of Karnak more inspiring than the Acropolis at Athens? Gentle reader, you have been generously patient with us in our various and sundry wanderings, and in bidding you farewell we shall only trespass further on your graciousness to the extent of quoting an illuminating verse from the poet Shelley's "Mutability," *id est:*

"The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempts and then flies;
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.





Al Henderson.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 096 316 5

AL. M. HENDERSON,
LOS ANGELES,
CALIF.

Al. Henderson